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The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the research and the objectives of the study. It then presents a literature review of the existing research on the topic. The methodology section describes the research design and the data collection process. The results section presents the findings of the study, and the conclusion section summarizes the main findings and provides recommendations for future research.

The study was conducted in a laboratory setting. The participants were recruited from a local university and were assigned to two groups: the experimental group and the control group. The experimental group received the intervention, while the control group did not. The data were collected over a period of six weeks.

The results of the study show that the intervention had a significant positive effect on the outcome variable. The experimental group showed a significant improvement in the outcome variable compared to the control group. The findings suggest that the intervention is effective in improving the outcome variable.

The conclusion of the study is that the intervention is effective in improving the outcome variable. The findings suggest that the intervention is a promising approach for improving the outcome variable. Further research is needed to confirm the findings and to explore the long-term effects of the intervention.





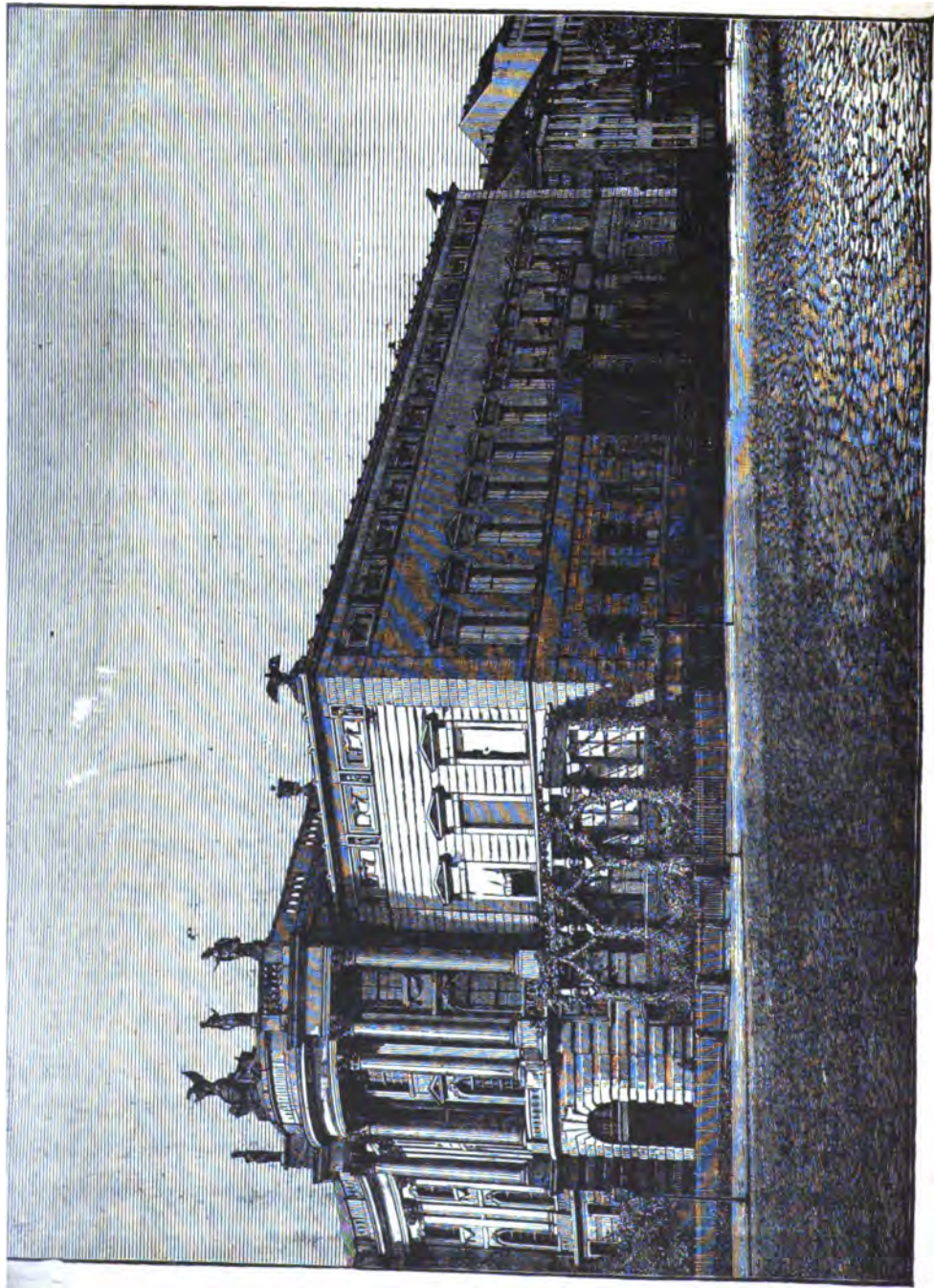
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HISTORY OF GERMANY

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

BY

MRS. HELEN W. PIERSON

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE."

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.



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CHAPTER I.

THE OLD RACE.



IN the old times there were wild and fierce tribes who dwelt in the North of A-sia. There were the Celts and the Gauls, who went in to France, and some tribes known by the name of Deutch. The word Deutch means "folk." At times they had the name of "Ger" men, which means "war" men, or "spear" men. In our own tongue we style those who came from Hol-land, Dutch, and those from Ger-man-y, Ger-mans.

The land at that time was full of marsh and trees. Here and there was a range of hills where streams rose and wound down to the swamps. Bears, wolves and elks ran wild, and it was the chief work of the men in these Ger-man tribes to hunt them. The men had their

homes in rude huts, and all had the same rights in the land, where they grew their corn and fed their beasts. Their wives were for the most part strong and brave, and could go out and help in the field or in the fight. The men kept as slaves those whom they had borne off from their foes in war. They dwelt in bands, and each had a chief and some of them had kings. They knew naught of the true God, but had false gods. To one of these whom they thought all wise they gave the name of Wo-den. They thought he had two birds who told him all that took place on the earth. The sun and the moon were his eyes. He gave the sight of one eye for a draught from the well that makes man wise, and lies at the foot of the great ash tree of life. That makes the moon less bright than the sun. He was a dread god, and they built up stone piles to him, and on one day of the week slew men and laid them on these stones, with a hope that this might please him.

Then there was the god Thor or Thun-der, as some knew him. He was said to be brave, and when a boy babe was born they would make the sign of "T" on him, and in some tribes he would be laid on a shield and fed for the first time from the point of the sword.

All the gods were thought to be fond of war, but

Wo-den was more strong than all the rest, and he had a hall to which they gave the name of "Val-hall," where it was thought that the souls of the brave went when they were dead. "Val" means a brave death. This sort of death was not held in fear, for they were taught that they should go on in the world to come with the sports they held most dear in this life. They would hunt the boar all day and feast on him all night, and they would drink meed from the skulls of their foes. When men saw a star shoot they thought it was the track of fresh fire-arms sent to the brave in Val-hall. As none went there save those who had met a brave death, men would rush on swords, leap from crags, or jump in streams to drown. For they thought there was a land of cold and gloom where there was no sun, and if they did not gain Val-hall they must pass all the years of time to come in chains in that dark cold place. The Ger-mans in those days told strange tales of sprites that were in the woods and hills and streams who kept a watch on folks for good or harm. There were the Berg men who dwelt on the hills, and kept guard of the gold and gems that were hid there. They were said to forge strange swords that could not fail to strike home, and they gave them at times to those who were the most brave. There were elves too of whose tricks

they told all sorts of tales. The Ger-mans have still a great art in their tales for the young. Some of their old myths are read now by both old and young.

The first that we know of the Ger-mans is when the Ro-mans came to fight them. At a time when some wild tribes were at war with them, they



JU-LI-US CÆ-SAR.

sought the help of the great Ju-li-us Cæ-sar. He made a bridge of boats on the Rhine and came to their aid and drove out the wild tribes. He saw how brave the Ger-man young men were, so he got them to come and serve him. They were of great use to him. They were not dull, and they found

they had a good chance to learn how to fight in the Ro-man style.

In the time of the Em-pe-ror Au-gus-tus he sent his step-son Dru-sus to try and take Ger-man-y and make it a part of Rome. Dru-sus built a chain of forts on the Rhine, and made three raids on the land. When Ti-be-ri-us came he won a part of the land, and some of the tribes were friends to Rome, so that at one time it did seem as if the whole of Ger-man-y would be theirs. But Var-us, one of their chiefs, was so harsh in his ways to the Ger-mans that a young man by the name of Her-man rose up and said that such things should not be borne. He met some of the young men of his land in the woods at night, and they swore in the name of their gods to be true and brave and fight to be free. Then some one went and told Var-us that a tribe in the north was in arms. He set out with his troops to put it down, but they had Ger-man guides, who led them in-to the worst part of the great woods. Trunks of trees were flung down in their path, darts flew thick and fast from the gloom, and at last when this had gone on for three days, and they came to a free space, there was a great host of foes drawn up to fight them. Then came a fierce fight in which most of the Ro-mans met their deaths, and Var-us threw his own self on his sword.

Rome still did not want to give up Ger-man-y, and in time sent Ger-man-i-cus, who made a march through these same woods. He found the bones of all the host of Var-us, and he built them up in a pile and made a speech to his men, and sought to fire their zeal. But the horse-men of Her-man fell on him, and put him to rout. The Ger-mans would have won more if they had not been so full of greed to get the spoils. They drove the Ro-mans back, but the next year they came once more and beat Her-man and his men, and he had to fly on a fleet horse. But he was still brave and still kept in the woods, and now and then made a dash out and did the Ro-mans all the harm he could. Once they had to fly to their ships to save their lives.

Ti-be-ri-us, who was in Rome, heard that the troops all had great love for Ger-man-i-cus, so he felt a fear of him, and sent for him to come home. He went, and left Ger-man-y in peace for a while. Her-man, who had done so much for his land, met his death at the hand of one of his own chiefs A. D. 19, when he was still a young man. His name is held in love with the Ger-mans to this day, and in their songs they speak of their land at times as Her-man's land.

At this time a great man came from Rome to note the ways of life and the laws in Ger-man-y. He

was so struck by the truth of the folk and their brave hearts that he wrote of them and held them up to the Ro-mans of that day that they might do like them. For the vice that oft comes with great wealth had crept into the court of Rome. His name was Tac-i-tus, and you may read his books to this day.



HUNS AND GER-MANS FIGHT-ING.

Then the Huns, a wild tribe, came from the North and drove the Ger-mans out of their homes for a

time. Then the Goths came, and the Van-dals, and they fought, and,—in fact, there was war most of the time. The folk thought of naught else, and all their songs told but of fights. There is one long tale in verse which we hear of in these days. It is known as the *Nei-be-lun-gen Lied*. “*Lied*” means song, and it is a song of the times. False gods and real folks play a part in it, but for a long time it was all held as truth.

CHAPTER II.

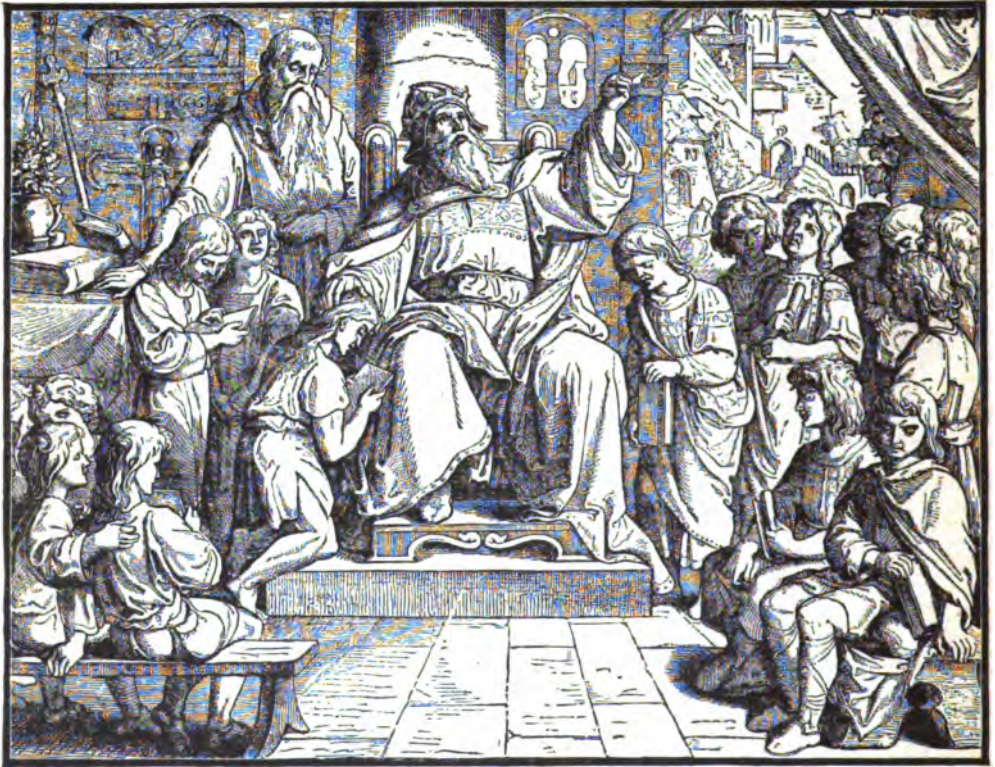
KARL THE GREAT.

THE Franks were one of the Ger-man tribes, and had their home on the banks of the Rhine. They were great foes of the Ro-mans, and got back most of the forts that Dru-sus had built. The most that we know of these Franks of that time is that they fought well, and there is naught to tell but deeds of blood. They went by the name of Chris-tians from the time of Chlod-wig, who had made a vow in a fight that if the God of the Chris-tians would let him win the day he would serve him all the rest of his life. He did win, and so he took the name of Chris-tian, but he did not lead a good life.

For a time the same king had the rule of Franks and Ger-mans. These last still held Wo-den and Thor as their gods. In the time of Pip-pin the Short En-gland sent good men to preach to the Ger-mans and tell them of the true God. There was one known as St. Bon-i-face, who did such a good work that they made him chief of the church at Mainz. At one place there was a great oak which was held as one of Wo-den's trees. St. Bon-i-face found that those who went by the name of Chris-tians still had fear of this tree. So he told them if Thor was a god he would take care of his own, then, at the head of his priests, he took an ax and cut down the tree, and the folks saw that Thor was no god. This good man met his death at the hands of one of the wild tribes where he had gone to preach in 755.

The son of Pip-pin is known as Karl the Great. The French call him Char-le-magne. He has a right to the name of the "Great," for he was one of the best as well as the most wise of kings. He made war more for the good of his folks and to get their rights than for his own sake. He did all he could to make those round him wise and good. When he heard of a wise man who had learned much he sent for him to come to his court, and thus he had a kind of school there where he and his sons

strove to lead the fierce young Franks to learn. He had not learned to write when he was young, and he strove to make up for it in his age. He took a



KARL THE GREAT AND HIS SCHOOL.

slate with him at all times and would strive at odd times to learn the art, but he could not. But he had a fine mind, and knew how to make the best use of what he did know. All the Ger-man tribes

had come to own him as king save the Sax-ons. They still held to the false gods, though Karl sent men to them to teach them the truth. They rose in a mass to fight him with a chief by the name of Wit-i-kind, and there was war with them off and on for three times ten years. Once Karl was in such a rage that he had a host of them put to death. Still they fought on till they had no more strength, and Wit-i-kind was brought to see Karl, and they made friends and took a vow to keep the peace from that time. The Pope Leo III. sent for Karl to help him in one of his wars. Karl put the foe to rout and then went on to Rome. He got down from his horse and went with all his troops through the streets of Rome to the great church of St. Pe-ter's. He bent to kiss each step of the stairs as he went up, for the sake of all the good men who had gone up there. The Pope met him in the church while the choir sang "Blest is he that comes in the name of the Lord."

Karl won great fights with the Moors in Spain, but the wild folk of the Py-re-nees rose on his troops in a pass there and cut off the most of them, with Ro-land, a brave chief, of whom songs have been sung to this day. He won so much that when he held his court he had the folks from all the lands round to come and greet him as their chief.

Pope Leo X. came, and Karl made a third trip to



DEATH OF RO-LAND.

Rome in the year 800, and was then made Em-per-or of the West. From that time he had the name of the Cæ-sar or Kai-ser, which means em-per-or. Karl meant to leave his lands to his sons, but two of them did not live to be grown. When Karl fell sick he took his young son Lou-is to the church and made him swear to fear God, to shield the church, to love his folks, and in all things to make right the law of his life.

Then he told him to take the crown and put it on

his own head. Karl did not die till a year from this time in 814, and he left one of the most grand names that shine on the lists of fame.

Lud-wig, the son of Karl the Great, who is known to the French as Lou-is, had not such strength or skill to rule as Karl. He was a good, kind man, but was led by his friends. He gave lands to his sons, but none of them were to make peace or war save by his wish. He wed a prin-cess from Ba-va-ria by the name of Ju-dith, who had one son, Lud-wig. He had the wish to make a king of this boy. So he sent out a call to the folk of the land, and they met at Worms, where they set to work to carve out a throne for him. His realm was to have the name of Ger-man-y. This put Lud-wig's own sons in a rage, and they rose on him and had all their own way for a time and drove out the Em-pe-ror. But the Ger-mans rose and set him on his throne once more. He did not seem to bear his sons ill-will, but gave them back their thrones. In a few years they were all up in arms once more, and all the Em-pe-ror's men fled from him and he fell in his sons' hands. The place was known from that time as the "Field of False-hood." The sons were in hopes that they could make him give up the throne, so they got the priests to tell him that he must strip off the robes of a king and tell all the list of his

sins to them. As he was a meek and mild man he did as they told him. He put off his robes and lay on a couch of sack-cloth and read off a long list of his sins. He said that he had done much to stir up strife, and that he had been false to his word. But



KARL AND LO-THAIR AT WAR.

in the end the priests were so much struck by the em-per-or's meek ways that they laid their hands on his head to bless him. And then they gave him back his sword and belt. The worst of his sons had

to come to him and say that he had done wrong, and felt grief at it. The kind old man gave him a kiss and sent him back to It-a-ly. But there was more strife in time with the sons, till the good old Emperor was quite worn out and grew ill. He went to a small isle in the Rhine to die. When the priest said, "Do you die at peace with your son?" he said,



FIGHT-ING THE HUNS.

"Yes; but fail not to warn him that he has brought down my gray hairs in grief to the grave."

Karl II., one of his sons, and Lud-wig soon went to war with Lo-thair, and when a peace was made his part of the land took its name from him, but in the course of time it came to be known as France.

Lud-wig II. had a hard time with the men from the lands north of him, and with the place known as Hun-ga-ry, from the Huns, who had first come there. There is not much else to tell of these times save small fights with these folk till the reign of Hein-rich, of Sax-on-y. He was not heir to the throne,



A HUN.

but he was known to be a good and brave man. He had the name of Hein-rich the Fowl-er, for they found him out with his hawk when they took the news that he was to be the king. He was wise and brave, and brought all the states of Ger-man-y to his rule. He made war on Hun-ga-ry, but though he beat them in one fight, he had to make a truce for nine years and pay them a tax in gold all the time. But all these years he made use of the time to train his men. He taught his lords how to fight while they rode,

and the men of low rank had to learn to fight as soon as they could hold arms. They had to meet each third day to train for fights. He saw, too, that the great need of the towns was to have walls round them so that the folk might have some shield

from their foes. So he built towns and shut them in with strong walls, and he had one man out of each nine to live in these "burgs," which is their name for forts. All the fairs, sales of all kinds and feasts had to take place in these towns, and the courts of law were held there. Stores were to be kept in case of a siege, and the folk from the farms round had to send in part of their crops to keep these stores full, so that these towns grew to be the strongholds of the land.

When Hein-rich felt that his land was strong, he made up his mind not to pay the tax to Hun-ga-ry. So the next time they sent for their gold he gave the men naught but a poor sick dog that had the mange. They sent troops in-to Ger-man-y in wrath at this slight, but he beat them. Then they lit fires on all their hills to call their folk to arms, and a great host came down on the Ger-mans with wild shout of "Hui, hui!" which is their war cry. But the Ger-mans, with Hein-rich at their head, beat them and drove them back to Hun-ga-ry. From this time the troops were all his friends, and he was known as Em-per-or. He won more fame in fights with more tribes, and made them all fear Ger-man-y. He meant to go to Rome to have his crown set on his head by the pope, but his folk could not spare him so long from his home. His death was in 936.

CHAPTER III.

THE SAXON EMPERORS.

OT-TO the First had the crown put on his head in the church at Mainz in the sight of all the dukes of the land and a great throng. He had to stand in the grand aisle of the church, and the arch-bishop made a call on all who would have Ot-to for their king to hold up their right hands. Then they led him up the aisle and gave him a sword with which to fight the foes of Christ and a robe of peace. Then they put oil on his head, breast, arms and hands, and on his head the gold crown of Karl the Great. There was a great feast, and he had the dukes to serve him. But his reign was full of storms. The dukes were not his friends and his own son was his foe, but he was brave and wise and dealt with them in such a kind way that they were glad to serve him at last. He won a great fight with Hun-ga-ry, and then the Ger-mans said he must have the name of em-pe-ror. So they went to Rome and had the crown set on his head there. Things were in a sad state there. The popes had so much wealth and might that men fought for the place of pope. Ot-to did his best to set things



IN-VA-SION BY THE HUNS.

right, but when he went home they soon fell back, and things were just as bad as they had been.

The realm of Ot-to was now near as large as Karl the Great's had been, for if he had less to the



OT-TO'S FOES YIELD.

west and south he had more to the north and east. He had a right to the name of the Great, for he was good and just as well as wise and brave in war. His death came as he kneeled to pray in a church,



A BAT-TLE WITH THE HUNS.

and was so full of peace that men thought he slept. That was in the year 973.

Ot-to the Sec-ond was so young when he came to the throne that all the great dukes thought they could throw off the yoke, but he soon brought them to terms. Then Lo-thair, King of France, went to war with him and swore he would drink up all the streams of Ger-man-y. But Ot-to said he would fill France with straw hats. The Ger-man troops all had straw hats on when they went to fight in the hot days. He put the troops of France to rout and laid siege to Par-is. The king sent word to Ot-to that he would put an end to the chance of war and come out to fight him hand to hand. Ot-to said: "We have heard that the Franks set small store by their king and now we see it."

There was a peace made soon, and by it Ot-to held Lor-raine. Then as Rome was in a sad state he set off for that land. One pope had just been put to death and a new one put in his place. Ot-to put down all strife with a high hand. He had all the chief men sent for to come to a feast in the great space by St. Pe-ter's and there all those who had part in the late strife, or who were not for peace, were put to death. He then went to take some lands in the south part of It-a-ly that had come to him with his wife, who was a Greek. Here he lost

the fight and had to fly for his life. He had lost his horse and had to make his way to the shore of the sea on foot. A Jew who met him gave him his horse and on this he made a dash for a Greek ship



GER-MAN-I-CUS BU-RY-ING THE DEAD.

that took him on board. He spoke Greek so well that they did not find out that he was a Ger-man. When they put in at a Greek port Ot-to stole off when no one saw him and swam to the shore. His wife was there, but she met him with scorn and

said: "How you do fear the Greeks." Ot-to took this to heart and sought to raise new troops to help win his cause, but his health had been so much hurt in this fight that he grew so ill he sent for his chief men. They swore to him his son, who was but three years old, should have the crown, and so his life came to an end in 983 when he was still quite a young man.

Ot-to the III. was brought up well and had learned so much from books that he had the name of the "Won-der of the World." He was brave and wise though he was but a youth when he went to Rome for his crown as em-per-or. He thought he would make Rome the chief seat of his realm. But his plans were cut short by death. He chose that his grave should be at Aa-chen, where was the tomb of Karl the Great.

Hein-rich of Ba-var-ia, who came next, and his wife were so good that they now have the name of saints. He gave so much to the Church in his time that when he is drawn he is shown with a small church the size of a toy in his arms.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FRAN-CON-I-AN KINGS.

A host of the great men of the church, the German dukes and counts, all met on a plain near Mainz, on the banks of the Rhine, to choose a new king. The two Kòn-rads, who were of the line of Ot-to the Great, were first, and they said they would bide by the choice of all. So the one who was first in age was the choice, and he is known as Kon-rad II. He had wars with both Hun-gar-y and Bo-he-mi-a, but won in both. To make new laws was the great work of his reign. He was a shrewd man, but he did not gain the love of his folks. It is said that "no one was heard to heave a sigh when they heard of his death."

His son, Hein-rich the III., was a young man of good looks and fine mind. He found his land at peace, but in the first five years of his reign he had some wars with Bo-he-mi-a and Hun-gar-y. Bo-he-mi-a had to yield, and Hun-gar-y gave part of her land to Aus-tri-a. Then there was a great strife in Rome, for they had set up no less than three popes there. Hein-rich took up his march for that place, sent the three popes off the scene, and put up one of

his own—Cle-ment II. In fact, though he had a short reign, he made no less than four popes, for each one did not live but a short time ; so short that it was thought some sort of drug had been put in their food or drink to take them out of the way. At this time there was a new move in the Church by a good priest, who sought to raise it, and to make men lead lives that were pure and good. He and the good men who were with him set to work to preach to all that which was known as “the Peace of God.” By it men had to pledge that they would have no fights or feuds for the last half of each week. Hein-rich took it up, and had all the Germans meet, where he made a grand speech, and told them he would say to all his foes, with a full and free heart, that he would look on them as his foes no more from that time. This was a great change to the Ger-man folk, and for the first time all was safe and at peace in the land.

But this peace did not last long. Hein-rich found out that there was a plot to kill him, and at last, worn in health and sad at heart, he drew his last breath at one of his grand homes, and left the throne to his son, a boy of six years old. The em-press was good, but not so strong that she could keep the great dukes in their place. She sought to bribe her foes by gifts of lands, but that gave them more

strength to do her wrong. The Church lands, and all the posts of note and worth, were sold or made bribes in fear, and the Church grew more weak and bad. To check this the pope gave out that priests should not wed, and that from that time the priests should take gifts from no one; that a pope should be made by the vote of the chief priests in Rome who wore bright red robes and hats and had the name of car-di-nals. This was in the year 1059. There was great strife in Rome with the lords and rich men on this point. They sought to have a voice in the choice of a pope. At last it was left to the em-press. But Nich-o-las the II., the man of her choice, did not turn out to be a friend to Ger-man-y.

At home the em-press had a sad time. She found out that there was a plot to kill her young son. Then there was a plot to take him out of her hands. This plot had its birth with some of the great men of the Church. Han-no, their chief, was at the head of it. He went to see the em-press, and when they had a fine feast, Han-no took out the young prince to look at his ship, which lay near. As soon as the youth set his foot on the deck the men took up their oars to push out in to the stream. The prince, who was but twelve years old, sprang at once in to the stream. One of the lords

sprang in, too, to save him, and both were like to drown, but at last both were got safe on board. The em-press, who stood on the shore, wrung her hands with vain cries for help. Some of her friends did try to stop the boat, but in vain, and her boy was borne off from her sight. The young prince was left in the charge of Han-no, who was so stern and hard that he won his hate for life. The next priest that taught him was as much too kind and weak as Han-no had been stern. This man kept the boy in the midst of feasts and taught him not to trust the great dukes and lords. This prince was harsh and fierce to all folks when he came to rule them, but more so to the Sax-ons than the rest. His court was a place of great vice, and he was in strife with his folk most of the time.

The Sax-ons, when they heard that Hein-rich had sought aid from the Danes, felt a new fear for their rights, and rose up as a man and took up their march to the place where the em-per-or was at the time. They told him their terms, but he would not hear to them. Then they laid siege to the place, and Hein-rich had to fly for his life with a few of his men. He sent out a call for help through all Ger-man-y, but not a prince or head of the Church came to him.

Just at this time, when he had lost all hope, the

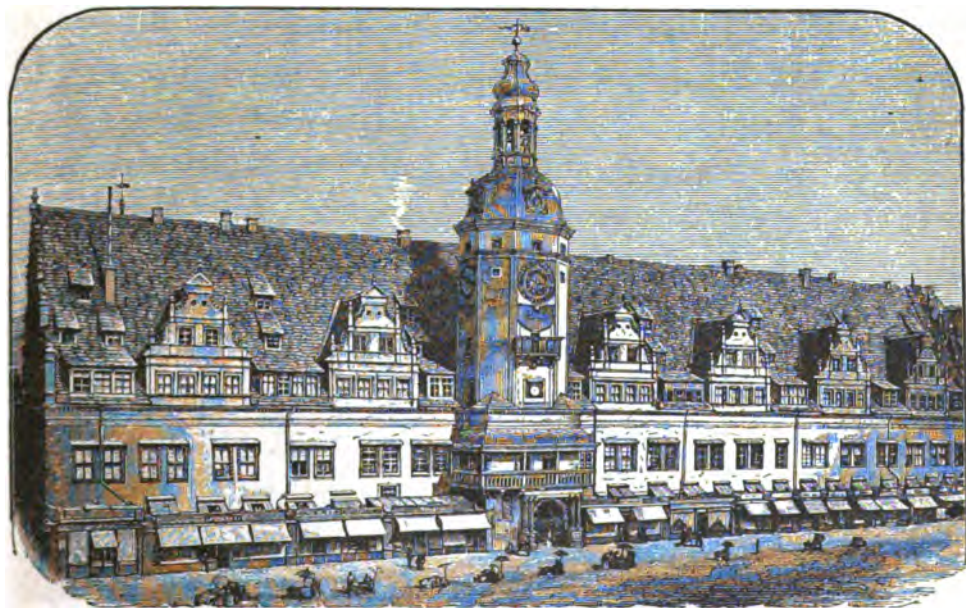
FREE PEAS-ANT AND BONDS-MAN.



States on the Rhine, which had grown so strong that they thought they could cast off the rule of their priests, saw a chance to get more strength if they should give aid to the em-per-or. They had but few troops on hand, so the Sax-ons still won the day, and in the flush of joy they did some wrong acts. They tore down one of the grand homes of the em-per-or, the Church, and the place where Hen-ry III. had his tomb. This put them in the wrong, and so the em-per-or got a great force to fight them, and their land was laid waste with fire and sword.

So for a time it did seem that Hein-rich the IV. was safe, but there was a storm in his sky. The monk who had been the one to preach the "Peace of God" was made pope, with the name of Greg-o-ry VII. He was a man of strong will and wise. He had eyes that saw far in to the years that were to come and he left his mark on the Church of Rome that has not been lost from that day to this. It was his wish to raise the popes out of the old ways and to fix them in a sure seat that the will of kings or the fate of lands could not change. He thought of two ways to do this; one was to put down bribes, and one to make a law that the priests should not wed. He thought that a man who had no tie of wife or child would give his life up more to the Church. This was made a law of

the Church in 1074, but there were some who did not like it, and fought hard that it should not pass, so that it was a long time ere all the priests gave in to it. Then Greg-o-ry made a law that no place in the Church should be sold, and that all must come from the hands of the pope, and he sent word to Hein-rich



TOWN HALL, LEIP-SIC.

that this law must be put in force through all the land or he would turn him out of the Church. You may guess the em-per-or was in a rage when he heard this. No pope had been known to dare to speak in this way to the one who sat on the throne. Hein-rich sent out a call for his folk to meet at

Wurms, and there they gave out in the emperor's name that Greg-o-ry should be no more the pope. They sent word to the folks of Rome that they should drive him from the town. The pope did as he had said. He said that Hein-rich was no more in the pale of the Church and its ban was laid on him. If his folks had felt great love for him he might have borne this, but most of them were glad to slight him. The Sax-ons at once threw off his rule, and when Hein-rich sought friends to help he could not find them. In the mean time the friends of Greg-o-ry sought to take his throne from him and make a new king.

So at last Hein-rich had to bend his pride and to give in. He sent word that he would yield and he went to see the pope in the worst time of the year, with his wife and child. They were wrapped in the hide of an ox, for the cold was great. They were in a sledge of wood and had men to drag them. Greg-o-ry was in one of his grand homes when he heard that the king was on his way to him. Hein-rich came with bare head and bare feet in the shirt of sack cloth which those wore who had great sins on their souls. The pope let him stand three days at his gates in the snow and rain ere he would let him in. Then at last, when he had made a vow to do as the pope said, he gave him the kiss of peace



HEIN-RICH DO-ING PEN-ANCE

and led him into the church, where the two ate the bread and drank the wine in use by the Church to keep in mind the last meal of our lord. Hein-rich was not to take the rule of his land till the pope had things to his mind, But by this time all Ger-man-y was in strife. At last Hein-rich made a pope of his own and took up his march in to It-a-ly



SIL-VER HALF-PEN-NY.

and laid siege to Rome for three years. Greg-o-ry fled to the Nor-mans, and his death came soon. His last words were: "I have sought the right, I have put down kings, and so I die far from my own home."

So Hein-rich for a time won the day, till his own sons rose up to fight him. His son Kon-rad was at war with him till his death. All his hopes were then set on his son Hein-rich, but he was cold, and hard, and sly. He knew how to hide his bad heart by a mask. He had gone with the foes of the em-per-or, as Kon-rad had. At one time when their troops were face to face, there was a truce. The em-per-or met his son and there they made peace. Tears were shed and the two made friends once more and set out for May-ence, where they were to call all the folks to meet them, and set all the feuds at rest.

But this bad son had no real wish for peace in his

heart. His kiss and tears and words of love were all as false as could be. For on the way to Mayence he got the em-per-or to go into a house to rest for the night. Then he shut the doors on him and held him fast. He would not let him out till he said he would give up the throne to him. He made the old man sign this, then he went to work to strip off his robes and turn him out on the road. The poor old man had no one to help him and was like to starve. He went to one of the priests to ask for some small place to serve in the Church. But this could not be, for he was out with the pope and the ban of the Church was on him. He had no food and had to sell his boots to buy bread. At last death took him, and his false son Hein-rich did not live but three years more.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW LINE.

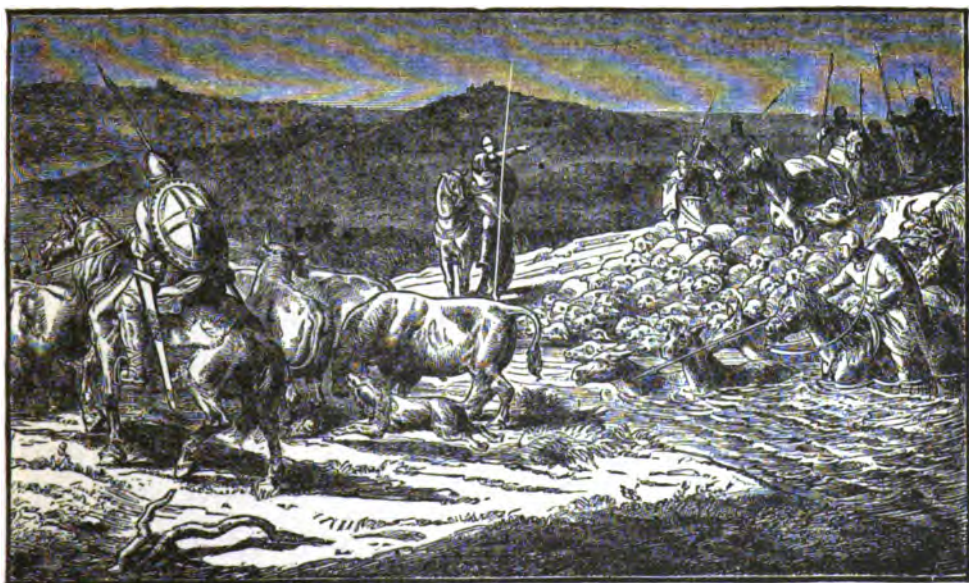
WHEN Hein-rich V. was dead and left no heirs, the Frank line of em-per-ors came to an end and the great dukes of the land met at Mainz to choose a new king. Their choice was Lo-thar Duke of Sax-on-y. He made haste to show that

he was not at all like the Frank kings. He sent word to the pope to ask that he would give his help to this choice of the land, and he gave up at once all the rights that the old kings had had in the Church. This made foes of all those who held to the rights of kings, and so there was a great war once more. At this time, too, the counts and lords of the land made their homes as strong as forts, and did not fear the laws but led such lives as they chose. We hear much of those

“Days of old
When knights were bold—”

but we read that the chief way in which they were bold was that they would make raids on those who went by their strong holds and take all they chose from them. In short, they were thieves. From their heights they had a good view of the road, and woe to the man who rode by with aught of worth on him or with stores for those at home. It was short work to seize him, rob him, and cast him in a cell, or it may be put an end to him at once. The large towns had some show of law, and were more safe. The songs of the land were sung by men who went from town to town or out where the strong holds lay, and they were sure that they would find good cheer and be safe. They had naught to steal, so they could sing their songs in

peace. They were known as "Min-ne-sing-ers." Lo-thar had a mind to have the crown of emperor set on his head in Rome, but as there were two popes at this time he could not get to the church of St. Peter's. It-a-ly was split up in two bands, the Guelphs and Ghib-el-lines, and they held



FOR-AG-ING.

St. Peter's and the castle of St. An-ge-lo. Lo-thar could not drive them out, so he had to go to the church of St. John later on for his crown. Once more he went to It-a-ly, to help put down some strife. He took with him Kon-rad of Ho-hen-stau-fer, who was a good and wise man, brave and

kind to the priests and the heads of the Church. He was the head of the Ghib-el-lines. The head of the Guelphs had the em-per-or's own child for his wife, so that he was fond of him. But he had the name of Hein-rich the Proud, and won the hate of all, from the pope down, by his harsh, rude ways, and for his hard heart to all his foes who fell in his hands.

On his way home Lo-thar II. grew ill and his death was in the hut of a poor man in Ty-rol, 1137. Hein-rich the Proud was sure he would be made king, but he had the love of no one, and so Kon-rad was the choice. There was a fight with the friends of Hein-rich and Kon-rad at a place by the name of Weins-berg. This town is on the banks of the Neck-ar on a high hill. Kon-rad laid siege to this town, and at last those in it sent out word that they would yield. Kon-rad's terms were that they should give up the keys of the place, that he would hold the men by the rules of war, but that the maids and wives might go out in peace, each with as much of her goods as she could bear on her back. The em-per-or and his troops were drawn up on each side to leave room for the dames, when they saw a strange sight. Each maid and wife, as she came down the hill, had a man on her back—each had brought what she held most dear. Some brought

their sons, some those to whom they had bound their lives in the Church of God, and the young girls those who had their troth plight—all came with slow steps down the great hill. Some of Kon-rad's men were in a rage at this as a mean trick, but the kind



THE WIVES OF WEINS-BERG.

heart of the em-per-or felt for these poor folk, and he let the men go free and gave leave to their wives to go back and fetch the wealth they had left there. This place is known to this day as "Wo-man's Truth," and in 1820 the Queen of Wur-tem-burg,

with some of the rich dames of Ger-man-y, built a house there for poor maids or wives who have done acts that have shown love for their kind with no thoughts of self. This scene lives in Ger-man songs to this day.

When St. Ber-nard came to preach the Cru-sades Kon-rad was one who took the cross, and he went with 70,000 men. They went by the way of Con-stanti-no-ple, and in the wild hills of A-sia Mi-nor they were led out of their way by their guides and met with great loss from want of food. In their weak state they were met by the Turks and there was a hard fight, and but 7,000 left. Kon-rad, with what was left, went on to join the host of Lou-is V. of France. They laid siege to Da-mas-cus, where Kon-rad is said to have shown that he was a brave man. He is said to have cut off the head and arm of a Turk with one blow of his sword. But they could not take the place, and at last Kon-rad went home. His death came three years from that time, in 1152.

CHAPTER VI.

FRIED-RICH I.

KON-RAD III. left one son, but he was too young to reign. So the good king told the dukes that they

had best choose Fried-rich of Sua-bia, who was the most near of kin. He was of the line of Ho-hen-stau-fen, in the prime of life, brave, keen and firm, but proud and fierce at times and with a will none could bend. He was a man of grand looks, with fair hair and blue eyes and a tinge of red in his beard, from which he got the name Bar-ba-ros-sa from the It-al-ians. The first thing he did was to make each Ger-man prince sure and safe in his rights. Hein-rich the Li-on had Ba-var-ia and Al-bert the Bear had Aus-tri-a, at the same time he made them feel that they must serve him as king. In all he did he made plain that he had a strong will and men felt that he was born to rule.

Kon-rad the III. had not had the crown of em-per-or at Rome, and thus he had not been held in much awe in It-a-ly, so by this time the Lom-bard towns had grown strong and proud and did as they chose. The lords had their homes like forts on the heights and led lives like kings—that is, the kings of bands of thieves, for they stole from all who came by. Then there were some who had a wish to turn out the pope and set up a free re-pub-lic.

Fried-rich thought he had a call to set all this to rights. So he set out on a march by the way of the Alps in to Rome and set up a camp in the fields with his shield as a sign to show that he was there

to act as judge and to right all wrongs. The folks of Lo-di came to ask his help to guard them from the folk of Mil-an, who had laid siege to their town and torn down the walls and made them leave their homes and live where they could. Fried-rich wrote at once that the Mil-an-ese must give back Lo-di, but the Mil-an-ese tore the em-per-or's note in bits and threw it in the face of the man who brought it, and most of the It-al-ian towns took their part. The em-per-or laid siege to Mil-an and cut off food and drink from them, so they had to give in at last and swear to keep good faith with him and then he left them. But they did not keep their oath, for in a short time they rose once more and said they would serve the pope not the em-per-or. At this time too there were two popes and each had his friends. Fried-rich took up one and said he was the true one, and he went once more to It-a-ly to fight for him and to fix the Mil-an-ese who had been so false to him. He laid siege to Mil-an once more and made it yield. All the chief men came out with their flags to give up to him, and the great flag of the town, which was borne out when they went to war, and on which was wrought in silk and gold a cross with the Christ on it and St. Andrew near with his hands spread out to bless the folk. All these were thrown in a heap at the em-per-or's feet. The car

which had borne their flag to all their fights was broke in bits and the folks wept so sore that Friedrich's stern guards shed tears at the sight.



BAR-BA-ROS-SA'S EN-TRY IN-TO MIL-AN.

But Fried-rich did not melt. He told them they must bear what was just for their crimes. He had a court at Pa-vi-a to try them. And the court said

that Mil-an should be made to bear all that they had done to Lo-di. The walls must be thrown down, the ditch made dry, and all the folk made to go out from their homes and live as much as two miles off. Then they could not all live in one place, but must go in bands and each band to have a German chief to rule it. The folk went with what they could take of their goods, but most of their wealth fell to thieves. A tenth part went to the Church in Ger-man-y. Koln had for its share what was thought to be the bones of the Wise Men of the East, to whom the Ger-mans at once gave the name of the Three Kings of Koln. Fried-rich then was seen to wear the crown which he had made a vow not to put on his head till he had made Mil-an pay for all the wrong she had done. He then took up his march to Rome, from which Pope A-lex-an-der had fled, and he did his best to make it plain to all the towns of Lom-bard-y that he was their good friend. But the days had grown hot and a pest broke out in his troops and cut off some of those near of kin to Fried-rick and his best friends and a host of men. He had to go back to Lom-bard-y, and there he found the whole land in strife. They had guards at each pass of the Alps so that he could not get on, and one night some men in arms broke in his room to kill him. He had just time to

slip out of a side door while one of his knights took his place in his bed to take the death blow in his stead. But they soon saw that he was the wrong man, and though in their rage at first the Lombards thought they would slay him, they could not help feel for him as a brave knight and a true friend, and so they did not take his life. Ger-many/was by no means in a state of peace when Fried-rich went home, but he had a strong hand. There is an old rhyme of the time which reads thus:

“Hein-rich the Li-on, Al-bert the Bear,—
There, too, Fried-rich with the red hair—
Three lords are they
Who could change the world to their way.”

He knew how to rule well and to found great towns, of which Mun-ich is one. But all the time he had the wish in his heart to go back to It-a-ly and gain his old might there, for he was proud and did not like to feel that they could keep him out. All the great towns of It-a-ly had made a league with the pope as his foes. They had the name of the Lom-bard League, and they built a town and gave to it the pope's name—A-les-san-dri-a. So once more Fried-rich set out to cross the Alps to try and put down this league, but they were too strong for him. In his sore need Hein-rich, the Li-on Duke of Sax-on-y and Ba-var-ia, left him with his men. He said

he was too old to fight, though he was not so old as the em-per-or. Fried-rich met him and plead with him to stay, went on his knees to him, but all



FRIED-RICH KNEELS TO HEIN-RICH.

in vain. He paid no heed to the plea but rode off with his men. So Fried-rich had to fight on as best he could. The Mil-an-ese came with the great flag of their town once more borne in its car, and the Guelphs won the day. The horse of Fried-rich was shot dead, and he, too, was

thought to be slain, so that his wife put on black for him. But he had found a way by foot-paths to fly from his foes. But he had to make peace with

It-a-ly. He went to meet the pope at Ven-ice, where the Doge with a vast crowd led him to St. Mark's church, at the door of which the pope stood



THE HORSE OF FRIED-RICH WAS SHOT DEAD.

with all his priests. The em-per-or kneeled to kiss the foot of the pope, and it is said was heard to say in a low voice : "Not to thee, but to Pe-ter."

But the pope heard him, and said: "Both to me and to Pe-ter."

But at last all was made straight with the two, and they were at peace. The em-per-ors were to choose the bish-ops, and all the lands of the Church were to be held in his hands. He gave Mil-an back to its folk, and then went home with his wife Be-a-trice. But on their way they had the new crown set on their heads, as King and Queen of Bur-gun-dy, a part of the land now known as Prov-ence. As soon as Fried-rich got home to Ger-man-y he held a court at Wurms, and sent for Hein-rich the Li-on to come there at once where they would try him. The charge was that he had not been true to the king, and that he had left him in the time of his sore need. There were more crimes, too, laid to him, and one of these was that in the time of peace he had gone to the town of Ver-in-gen, where there were great salt works, and had torn them down. All the stores were held, and those who made the salt had been bound and led to Mun-ich.

The duke would not come, for he said it was his right that one should try him in his own land. So there was a court held in one of his own towns, but he would not come to that. Then the

ban of the em-pire was laid on him—that is, he had to give up all his lands, and goods, and rank, and leave his home and all he had. He had some friends and he held out for a long time, but he was such a fierce, hard man, that he could not keep



THE FEAST OF MAINZ.

friends long. The em-per-or laid siege to the town of Bruns-wick. There Hein-rich's wife lay ill, and she sent to Fried-rich to ask that some wine might be sent in for her use. Fried-rich said he would give her the city of Bruns-wick ere he would cause

her a pang while she was ill. And he was as good as his word, for he drew off his troops. But he still had the best of the Li-on, who found it was in vain to strive with him. At last he went to the court, fell on his knees to the em-per-or, to show his grief and to beg that he would not be hard with him.

The em-per-or took him by the hand in a kind way, but told him he had brought all these woes on him by his own course. The court thought he should give up all his lands, but the em-per-or let him still keep Bruns-wick and one more state if he would first spend three years out of his land at the court of En-gland, from which he had wed his wife.

Now that peace was made, Fried-rich held a great feast at Mainz, where he made his sons knights, and men came there from all lands to ride at the games. A camp with tents of silk and gold was set up by the side of the stream, full of fine dames who came to look on, and of min-ne-sing-ers, who were to sing of the brave deeds of the knights. The em-per-or, still grand in his looks, tall and straight, though his red beard had grown white as snow, rode in the ranks with his five fine sons. The songs of that great day were long sung in the land, and from that time song had more of a place in the lives and hearts of the folk.

Hein-rich was the one of his sons who was to be his heir, so he had the wish that he should make a grand match. The kings of Sic-i-ly had at all times been great friends of the popes, and each had been their shield when the em-per-ors drove them out of Rome. The last of these of the right line had no child, but he had an aunt by the name of Con-stance. She had made her home with the nuns, but it does not seem that she was a nun. Fried-rich was wont to say that It-a-ly was like an eel, which must be held by the head or tail if you would keep it. He had the head, and he said he had the hope that his son would get hold of the tail if he went to work in a wise way. So he thought it would make his cause more strong if he should wed Con-stance. The plan was made, and Con-stance sent to meet her lord at Mil-an, with a long string of mules which bore her wealth with her. The pope, Ur-ban III., was in a great rage when he heard of this. The priests who had seen the two wed were all put out of the Church, and had no more the right to preach, and he would have gone on to lay the ban on the em-per-or and all the rest if death had not laid its hand on him.

Next there was a great shock to all in the news that the Sul-tan Sal-a-din had won Je-ru-sa-lem. The new pope and the em-per-or thought no more of

their own feuds, in the wish to save the place which held the tomb of our Lord. Fried-rich, old as he was, set out to go on this Cru-sade. While on the march through a wild pass false news were brought to him that his son Hein-rich was dead. The tears ran down his white beard as he said to his troops: "My son is dead, but Christ lives—march on!"

But a few days from that, as he went to bathe in a cold, swift stream, a chill struck him and he sank. This stream was fed by the snows from the heights, and so it was ice-cold. They found him at last quite dead, and his grave was made at An-ti-och. But the Ger-mans could not think that their great em-per-or was dead. He had gone forth from their sight to the great East and he had not come back, but he could not be dead. There were songs made on him, and his name was held dear in the hearts of all. To this day the name "Bar-ba-ros-sa" can thrill the heart of a Ger-man, and they tell in their book of folk-songs how he sits in a cave in one of the Harz mounts with all his knights round him, and that he has sat there till his beard has grown through the stone in front of him. He waits till the time of Ger-man-y's sore need shall come, when he will wake, rise, and come forth to make her one and free for all time..

CHAPTER VII.

END OF THE LINE.

HEIN-RICH THE LI-ON made all the haste he could to go back to Ger-man-y, when he heard of the death of the em-per-or. He thought he might get back Sax-on-y, but he found King Hein-rich, the son of Fried-rich, in the field. He was tall and well-made and had a stern way of his own and a will more strong than the em-per-or's had been. He made haste to go to Rome that he might have the crown of em-per-or, and he laid claim to Sic-i-ly by right of his wife. He did not make his folk love him, for he was a stern and hard man. The fight with Hein-rich the Li-on went on for a year, and all Ger-man-y felt the scourge of war. At this time the King of En-gland, Rich-ard of the Li-on Heart, on his way home from a cru-sade fell in to the hands of one of his foes who gave him up to the em-per-or. He was thrown in jail and a large sum set on him as the price for which he could go free. No one could find out just where he was kept, till a youth who had been wont to sing to him went to all the strong holds on the Rhine and sang his songs. At last he heard a well-known voice sing back a verse

of his song, and he knew his king was there. In time shame made the em-per-or set Rich-ard free, and the same year he made peace with Hein-rich the Li-on, who went back to his small State of Bruns-wick and did all he could for his folk. He made his home with them, drew up new laws, built schools, and taught them to wish to learn. He brought in to his land books and works of art, and in fact did all he could to make his name dear to his folk. Once they had known but fear and hate of him, but now they felt naught but love, and at his death in 1195 all felt that they had lost a friend. Hein-rich V. now went to It-a-ly, and with the help he brought there it was not hard for him to win Sic-i-ly. He was so harsh and hard to his foes that none were his friends, and he met fear and hate on all sides. In a hunt on one hot day he took a chill and death put an end to all his schemes. He was but a young man still and his son but three years old. All Sic-i-ly was full of joy at his death, and set to work to kill all the Ger-mans found in their land.

The child Fried-rich had been known as the King of the Ro-mans as soon as he was born, but the Guelphs said the choice of such a babe was worth naught and there must be a fresh vote. There was one more son of Bar-ba-ros-sa's left, and when he

heard this he made haste back to his land. The Ghib-el-lines said he should be their choice, but the Guelphs took Ot-to the son of Hein-rich the Li-on and they set the crown on his head. Phil-ip too had his crown, so there were two kings at once. The pope at that time was In-no-cent III., a great man whose whole aim was to make the strength of the See of Rome felt by all the world, and he took charge of Sic-i-ly and the young king, and gave his voice for Ot-to. So the strife of the two kings went on/till Phil-ip met his death at a feast, from a stab at the hand of a man who was mad or drunk. His wife's death came in a few days from the shock, and left two girls. Ot-to of Bruns-wick was then the choice of all, and said he would wed Be-a-trice, one of these girls. He led her in to the place where the dukes and lords sat—though she was a mere child—and said to them: "See, this is your queen." Then he left her in charge of a great dame while he went in to It-al-y for the crown of em-per-or. It is said that In-no-cent wept for joy at the thought that he could now crown a Guelph em-per-or. But the men in the Ger-man troops did not act well; they would walk in to the Ro-man shops and take what they chose and give no pay for it, and at last a fight took place in the streets, and some on both sides met their death. Then, too, the new em-per-

or would not give up some lands which had been left to the Church, and laid claim to Sic-i-ly. This was more than the pope could bear, and he laid the ban of the Church on him, and sent out a call that all those who were of the true faith should serve him no more. Ot-to made haste back to Ger-man-y, and thought he might make his cause more strong if he should wed Be-a-trice at once. But in two weeks the poor young bride was found dead, it was thought from some drug that the foes of Ot-to had found means to give her.

Ot-to had few friends in his own land and the King of France had no love for him. Once when a boy he had been at the French court and when one said to the king that there was a chance that some day that boy would be em-per-or, Phil-ip gave a laugh of scorn and said that when that comes to pass I will give him Or-leans, Char-tiers and Par-is. When Ot-to was em-per-or he sent to put the King of the French in mind of his words. The king got out of it in this way: He said that Or-leans, Char-tiers and Par-is were the names of three small pups now grown in to three old hounds, which he sent to the em-per-or.

The young Fried-rich, who had grown up in Sic-i-ly was a youth of fine looks and had a grace in his ways that won all hearts. He was like Bar-ba-

ros-sa in his form and had the same strength of will, but he knew much more of books. He spoke six tongues with ease, and could write verse well. He had a love for the arts of peace no less than those of war, yet he was a states-man and born to lead men. He found a route by which he got in to his own town, Con-stance, and the gates which had been shut to Ot-to were thrown wide to him. He then went to France and made a league with the king, Phil-ip Au-gus-tus, who gave him a large sum of gold to help him. He took this sum with him to Mainz, and when some one asked him where he would have it kept he said: "No where; it is to give to our friends." So at Mainz all the Ghib-el-lines chose him king and took the vow to serve him.

For near three years Ot-to and Fried-rich kept a watch, but did not fight. Ot-to was still strong in his own land, but in some way he was led to mix up in a strife to help En-gland in a war with France. There was a great fight, and France won the day. Ot-to was left on the field in the midst of the foe. A French knight sought to cut him down with an ax, but made a miss and struck his horse. He gave the poor beast such a wound that, mad with pain, it made a dash with Ot-to back to his troops and there fell dead. He got a new horse, but could not bring his troops back to the charge,

and had to ride off with them. The King of France said with scorn : "We shall see no more of him now but his back," though in truth King Philip was a much less brave man. Ot-to's hold on German-y was lost from that time and he fled to Koln. He had a wife who did naught but add to his woes. She was fond of dice and would lose vast sums at play, so that at last they had to leave the place.

The two went to Bruns-wick, where Ot-to's death came four years from that time. On his death-bed he sent his crown to Fried-rich. He left no heirs.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRIED-RICH II.

FRIED-RICH, though but a youth when the throne came to him, had been wed and had a son. His wife was dead. As soon as Ot-to's death was known, Fried-rich set forth to It-a-ly that he might be made em-per-or at Rome. Then he took a new wife and said he would go forth on a grand cru-sade, to free the tomb of Christ, which was still held by the Turks.

Fried-rich was in no haste to set forth on this Cru-sade, and the new pope did not like this, or his

wish to keep Sic-i-ly. Fried-rich said he would take care of Sic-i-ly, and he went in to that land and had hard work to deal with its fierce lords. There was, too, a band of Sar-a-cens who had made their homes on the hills and by the sea shore, who were a great plague to the folks, both by land and sea. Fried-rich, who spoke the tongue of these Sar-a-cens, soon made friends of them, and was so kind that he won all their hearts. They were his best friends and sought to serve him in all ways. The It-al-ians would not be friends with these strange men, who knew strange arts and were wise in queer ways, but Fried-rich had a taste for such things, and men said he was more than half Sar-a-cen. Then, too, he did not lead the life of a good man, but gave up to all sorts of vice that wealth and pomp bring with them. At last the pope said he would lay the ban of the Church on him if he did not set out at once on the Cru-sade. So in all haste he got what men he could and a fleet and set forth. He had with him Lud-wig of Thur-in-gi-a. Lud-wig's wife was that E-liz-a-beth of Hun-gar-y of whose sweet life and good deeds to the poor tales are told to this day. She met with scorn from his folk, for it was not the mode in that day to serve God as she did, and she had no love for balls and feasts, but went to see the poor. She

would nurse the sick and lay them on her own bed, and she fed the poor babes who had no one to care for them, and went to the homes of the sick to give them drugs and dress their sores. She hid her good deeds from all as well as she could. Once it was said that Lud-wig met her as she came out of their home with a great pack of bits of meat with which she was on her way to some home of need. "What have you there?" he said. She said with a smile, "Rose buds." It may be this was meant to show how sweet are deeds of love, for she was true in all her ways, and he found no fault with her good acts. She bade him look, and lo! he found naught but rose buds! This tale must mean that the good deeds of the just bloom and send forth sweets like the rose buds. Lud-wig was young when he had to say good-by to this dear wife and their two babes. He had to start with his troops in the full heat of that time of the year, so that most grew sick. When they went on the ship they grew worse. Lud-wig saw the white doves fly round the ship, a sign which had been held by his folks to mean death to one of his line. And his death came ere the fleet went back, which it had to do, as the em-per-or was ill. The pope, who knew what Friedrich's life had been, would not be made to think that he was ill in truth. He thought the em-per-or had

not gone in to the Cru-sade with his heart, and he would hear naught from the men sent to tell him of it. He laid the ban of the Church on him at once.

Then Fried-rich in his turn wrote out his views of the pope—full of hate of him and his claims, and sent them to each king and prince in the world. But he still felt he must keep his word, and he set out once more on the Cru-sade. The pope did not like that a Cru-sade should be led by one who had the ban of the Church still on him, so he gave out that none should go with him. Fried-rich did not fight this time, but made a truce with the Sar-a-cen Sul-tan. This was to last ten years, and for that time the road to Je-ru-sa-lem should be made safe and the town should be put in the hands of Christians, all but one church, which the Turks might keep for their own. The pope's friends would not hear to this truce. They said it was a snare by which the foe would get Chris-tians in their hands. When Fried-rich took up his march for the Ho-ly Ci-ty the pope laid his ban on it while he should be there. So there was no priest to bless the em-per-or when he went in to the church that held the tomb of our Lord, but that did not daunt him. He set the crown of Je-ru-sa-lem on his own head. Then he went back to It-a-ly. He had in the mean time won much of old Greek lore from the Sar-a-

cens, and he took with him a wise book that lives to this day.

The pope in the mean time did his best to stir up strife for the em-per-or and sent out some men to fight him. They bore keys made of cloth on their backs to show that they were sent forth by the See of Rome. But they were wild rough men who thought more of the gain they might make than aught else, and set to work to rob all in the lands through which they went. So of course all folk rose on them and were glad to give their help to the em-per-or to put them out. At this the pope gave up and peace was made with the em-per-or, and the pope took the ban from him and said that the truce with the sul-tan was the best that could have been made.

Fried-rich did not seem in haste to get back to his own land. He had a love for It-a-ly and his court there was a home for all men of fame in books or art or song. Fried-rich was fond of verse and gave great gifts to those who had the most fame in this line. He had in his court Sir Thom-as Aquinas, who taught the truths of Christ in such a way that all the world were glad to hear, and his works are read to this day. There too was the min-ne-sin-ger, Wal-ter, of Vo-gel-neide, who left his gold to buy food to be strewn for the birds at his tomb, so that they might sing still for him

the sweet songs of which he had been so fond in life.

This was a time when a new grace in dress and in the homes of men was shown. The fine arts grew, and the rude sports of the old time gave way to a more pure life.

In the mean time Fried-rich had left things in German-y with small heed as to what went on there. His boy son, who had been known as King of the Ro-mans when a babe, and sent to reign in German-y when a mere child, had grown up in the midst of strange crimes. There was no law that the folks held in fear, so one of the great men in the church set up a band who took the law in their own hands. They were court, judge and all. They met at dead of night and all took a vow not to tell a word of what went on or what they meant to do. They chose their own judge. When one had done a crime he would be sure to be found hung on a tree or with a knife thrust through his heart, with S. S. G. G. cut on the bark of the tree. That stood for "Stock, Stone, Grass, Green," but what these signs meant was not known. This court and judge whom no one knew, did a good work, though in a strange way, for the courts of law were so weak there was need of some thing to keep down crime.

As Hein-rich grew up he felt that he ought to

have more of the realm, and the em-per-or heard so much of his ill will and the want of all rule that he sent for him and all the head men of Ger-man-y to meet him. He said he should come home as soon as he had set things straight in It-a-ly. But Heinrich had the wish to get things in his own hands, and laid siege to Wurms. So the em-per-or had to cross the Alps, and all Ger-mans who were of right mind came to his help, so that it was not hard to crush out the plot and bring the son to terms. At last he came and made some show of grief at his course. But he was not true, for we hear that this young man sought to take the life of the em-per-or by some means, and he was sent from the court and put in jail. And he was left in jail till his death.

Fried-rich then staid in Ger-man-y and took a new wife from the line of the En-glish kings. They were wed in great pomp, in the sight of four kings and ten dukes. He went to meet her with a great show of wealth and rich gifts, but he had soon to leave her and go back to It-a-ly where the towns, with Mil-an at their head, once more had made a league. He had the crown of King of the Ro-mans set on the head of his son Kon-rad, and made haste to cross the Alps. All the Ghib-ee-lines in the north came to aid him and he beat the Mil-an-ese

in a hard fight. They had to leave their dear flag, too, for there was a great rain and the car stuck fast in a bog. They could not save the gold cross on it, though they did stop to try, for the Ger-mans came too fast on them. Fried-rich had it drawn to Rome and kept it there as one of the spoils of war. But the war did not end there, for the em-per-or would give the Lom-bards no terms, and they chose to fight it out town by town. They knew the pope's heart was with them. On Palm Sun-day the pope gave out that the em-per-or did not hold the truth of God, that he had said: "There were three men who had sought to cheat the world with lies, Mo-ses, Ma-hom-et, and Christ, and the last had met a death of shame on the cross." He said, too, that "the em-per-or was that beast told of in God's word which came out of the sea and tore all things with its teeth and claws, and now sought with more bad men to drive the name of Christ out of the world." Fried-rich wrote when he heard this: "The creed of the Church is mine. Mo-ses was the friend of God." The pope would have been glad to have found some one to set up on his throne, but none would help him. The French king would not let a French prince go in for the prize.

In the mean time things did not go on well in Ger-man-y. The young Kon-rad drank too much

and a fierce tribe like the Huns did as they chose in his realm:

The pope sent out a call to all the true sons of the Church to come to Rome and hear the case he had made out. The priests were told not to go, as Rome was a place of "bad drink, vile food, swarms of gnats, and air so thick they could grasp it; that the pope was a sly man and would get the best of them and their goods, and lives and souls might be lost." Some were kept back by this, and for the rest Fried-rich had a fleet who met them and took off a load of priests and great men of the Church, and it is said that he let his chief foes die for want of food. All the rest had hard times and lost all they had with them ere they found their way home once more.

When In-no-cent IV. was made pope he went on with the old strife and took part in the Lom-bard league, though he had been a great friend of the em-per-or. Fried-rich said when he heard he was pope: "I fear I have lost a friend and found a foe in the chair of St. Pe-ter, for no pope can be a Ghib-el-line." His words were true. There was some small show of a wish to make peace, and then the breach grew worse and the pope fled from Rome to Ly-ons, which was much more out of Fried-rich's reach than Rome. There he sent out a call to the

heads of the Church to meet him, and said they could go by land. So a great host went and all the em-per-or's faults were brought up once more in their talk and the ban of the Church put on him. When he heard of it he had all his crowns brought out and put in front of him, and he said with a smile: "These are not lost, nor shall they be till much blood has been shed."

The French king strove to make peace but in vain. (While Fried-rich was ill at that time he heard that there was a plot to put him out of the way by means of some drug. The man who had been his friend for thrice ten years, whose wise words had been his guide in time of need was said to have made a plot to kill him. He was to give a bribe to the one who came to tend the em-per-or when he was ill, and the drug was to be put in the dose they gave to cure him. Fried-rich bade the man drink half that dose in his sight. The man made a false step and so most of it was spilled on the floor. But Fried-rich sent the rest of it to a man in jail, who had but a few days to live, and he had to drink it. His death came at once. Then Fried-rich had the false friend thrown in jail and his eyes were put out. This gave him such fierce pain that his mind gave way and he made such a dash with his head at the wall of his cell that it was the cause of his death.

The son for whom Fried-rich had the most love and who was the most like him was En-zi-o, whom he had made King of Sar-din-i-a. This son had the same grace of mien, the same fine looks, the gift of song, and the brave heart of the em-per-or. He had the ill luck to fall in the hands of his foes, and was thrown in jail. They would not free him for gold, and they did not seem to fear threats. The poor young man led a hard life in his lone cell, and the heart of the em-per-or was full of grief for him. Strange to say he was kept long years in jail, till his woes had worn him out. Once he had a chance to flee, but his long gold hair caught in the lock of the door and held him fast till he was seen. At last the brave heart which fear could not touch gave its last throb, and death set him free.

The em-per-or was not an old man, but his strength was worn out by all he had gone through. His heart was brave still, but the flesh was weak, and the end came in a town in It-a-ly, the land that had his best love. He took the last rites, the bread and wine from the hand of the priest, and his death came on Christ-mas, 1250. He was a great man, and there are few on the lists of fame so bright, so brave, and so full of gifts. At the same time it is sad that he spent so much time and

wore out his life in a strife to crush the free towns of It-a-ly.

CHAPTER IX.

MORE FEUDS WITH THE POPES.

KON-RAD had been made King of Ger-man-y as well as of Sic-i-ly, but the pope, In-no-cent IX., would not own him. He gave his voice for Wilhelm of Hol-land, and said he would give Sic-i-ly to young Ed-mund, son of Hen-ry III. of En-gland, if they would send him gold to help him win it. They did so, but they were met by the troops of Kon-rad and were not as strong, so they lost the day. Then some one sought to kill Kon-rad in his bed, and it was not long before he did get his death by some drug, so it was said. Man-fred, the son of the em-per-or, who had been left in charge of Sic-i-ly, was a fine young man—in face and form and in mind he had all the gifts that win men's hearts. His aim was to be wise, and just, and good. He knew book lore, and could write well. He was the friend of all wise men. He built good roads, and more than one fine bridge, and docks where ships might put in and be safe.

Kon-rad had left one small son, Con-rad-in, who was but two years old. E-liz-a-beth of Ba-va-ri-a knew that there was no hope of a crown for him while he was still a child, so she took her child home. She sought to have the pope for his friend, but he would have naught to say to him. He lent all his aid to Wil-helm of Hol-land, and spent a great sum to help him, but Ger-man-y did not half own him. The best act we hear of Wil-helm was that he laid the first stone of that grand church of Koln. But the folk of Koln had no love for him, and set the house in which he slept on fire, in hopes that it might cause his death. His own liege folk, the Fries-land-ers, rose to fight him. It was in the cold time, and he had to cross a swamp to get to them. The ice gave way 'neath the feet of his horse, and while he strove to get out of the mud the Fries-land-ers came up and slew him.

The new pope, Ur-ban IV., found that Man-fred had won all as his friends in Sic-i-ly. So to get aid to fight him he sent word to the king of France that if he would help him he would give Sic-i-ly to Charles of An-jou. Charles was a man of coarse looks, and his mind was as mean as his face, but he was a French man, and so was the pope. So he put the crown of Sic-i-ly on the head of Charles, and then with gold to bribe all who

would take it, the new prince set out to meet Manfred. There was a long and fierce fight at Ben-e-vento, and Manfred was slain. The pope had his corpse sent out of the church where it was laid and flung in a trench, and his wife and babes thrown in jail. And they were kept there for life by this bad man.

The lords and men of rank in Germany had grown proud and full of self will, but their towns were strong. They had trade and much wealth, and had their own laws, and did all they could to make their towns like forts so that they could hold their own. They would own no lord but the emperor, and they took the name of free towns, with a pledge that they would stand as one for their rights. There was one of these leagues known as the Han-sa, and it took in a host of towns. They had fleets and troops, and each man of these towns had to learn a trade. First he must serve till he knew his trade. Then he must start out for a year to roam through strange lands and see how his work was done there, and pick up new ways if they were good ones. When he came back he could be sworn into the guild of his trade and sit with those who made the laws of the town. Each town had a fine Guild Hall, or, as they say, Rath-Haus. Each Guild put its young men to train in bands, and when they went out to war the flag of their Guild

went with them. If they were slain the Guild took good care of their wives and babes. When Wilhelm was dead they thought they would choose a prince of great wealth who could give them gold to aid them in all times of need, yet one who had no lands in Ger-man-y. So they chose Rich-ard of En-gland as the best one, for he had great wealth from his mines in Corn-wall. He was so glad to hear of his good luck that he sent three times ten cart-loads of gold to buy up votes for his side. But there was one of the old line put up, Al-fon-so, King of Cas-tile, and each had the name of king. The pope was to say which should be the real one, but he put off this choice year by year, and in the mean time the towns grew more strong and had no wish to have an em-per-or at all. They thought they did not need one, but could make their own laws and rule as they chose. Al-fon-so had the name of em-per-or in his own land, but he did not go in to Ger-man-y. Richard did try to do some thing for his own cause, and spent vast sums in gifts to the Germans. He went to Ger-man-y three times and had the crown put on his head at Aachen, where he kept court till he had to go and aid the king of En-gland put down a feud with his own folks. There he fell in to the hands of the foe and was thrown in jail at Lew-es.

In the mean time young Con-rad-in had grown up to be a man, and there was a host of men in It-a-ly who could not bear the rule of Charles of An-jou, who plead with him to come back and win his crown. He had a dear friend, Fried-rich of Bad-en, who went with him to share all his toils and risks. He was young, full of grace, and won all hearts. The Lom-bards met him with joy. The pope said he must not go on, and laid the ban of the Church on him, but in Rome all came out to greet him. Then he went to Apulia, but Charles of An-jou put his troops to rout with much blood shed. Con-rad-in and Fried-rich rode off and meant to try the fight once more in Sic-i-ly, but some vile man in whom they had put their trust led them into the hands of Charles of An-jou. He had a court meet to try them, and the plea was that they were two thieves, and must be put to death as such. There was but one man who was so brave as to stand up in the court and cry out at such a crime, but they did not heed him. The two friends, who had no thought of such a fate, were at a game of chess when they were told that they must die the next day. They heard it with brave hearts and fond words for those they must leave. They went to their fate with a firm step, while their foe Charles sat where he could see and hear all. The folks

were too much in fear of him to speak out, but each face was full of gloom. Con-rad-in stepped to the edge of the planks on which he stood and threw his glove to the crowd. "Take it," he said, "to some one who will fight for me, and bring to naught those who cause my death." Then he kneeled down and said the name of her who had borne him with a cry of grief. Last of all he was heard to pray, and then he laid his head on the block and took the blow. Fried-rich, who burst in to tears for his friend, came next and met his death with a stout heart.

This vile act of Charles did not make him more dear to the hearts of the folks. They rose in a mass and in one night all the French men of rank and all the troops in Sic-i-ly were put to death. This was known as the Si-cil-ian vespers.

CHAPTER X.

RO-DOLF OF HAPS-BURG.

Now came a time that was long known as "the bad time," when there was no em-per-or, for the folks did not count the two kings of whom we have told you. It was a time of change and want of law, and each

prince chose to rule like a king. The cru-sades had been the means of good to all, though in a way of which the Church had not thought. Those who went forth to fight found they had much to learn from their foes. The Sar-a-cens were brave and knew much of the fine arts. They could read the stars and knew of rare drugs which could act like a charm. Their modes of life were not so rough as the Ger-mans, and they knew how to deck their homes with gems of art or rich and rare work in stuffs wrought with gold and bright dyes. So those who went to fight came back with new light in their minds, and went to work to change their own homes and ways of life. They grew more free in thought and speech as they knew more, and the priests could not keep all the rule in their hands as they had done. Sects sprang up that could not be put down by fire or sword.

But all this time, while Ger-man-y had two kings there was in fact no one to rule her. First right, which means the right of the most strong, was the rule out of the great towns. The lords had their homes high up on great rocks, and to rob was the chief work of their lives. If two men had a feud, a feud brief was sent out, in which all the man's wrongs were set forth and that the foe and his friends and all in his house might know that he would do them

all the harm he could. Then he felt free to rob or kill all he chose. It was said that none of the lords had the wish to learn to write save just what would do to sign these feud briefs.



RO-DOLF OF HAPS-BURG.

At last when Rich-ard of En-gland was dead the pope sent the folks word that if they did not choose a king he would send them one. So they chose Ro-dolf of Haps-burg. He was a good and brave man and one that had the fear of God in his heart. It is said that once as he rode to Bad-en he met a priest on foot on his way to see a man who was like to die. The roads were full of mire and streams from the hills, and the

priest had with him the bread and wine of the Church which he was to give to the man in the last rite. Ro-dolf set the priest on his own horse and led him on his way, and when they got to the sick man's house he would not take back his steed, he

said: "I would not ride to war on a beast that had borne the flesh and blood of my Lord," and so he made it a gift to the priests when they should ride to see sick men as long as it should live. This tale is sung in the songs of the time. In one fight in which he had lost his horse he saw that his friends sought to put the man to death who had slain it. "Not so," he said, "I saw how brave he was; so brave a man must not be put to death."

He had his crown set on his head at Aa-chen and he sent word to the pope that he would lay no claim to the lands in It-a-ly. So of course the pope was quite glad to give his vote for him. When one found fault with him that he had let go all that had been held so long, he said: "Rome is like a wild beast's den. I see the prints of the feet of hosts who go there but of none who come back."

The King of Bo-he-mi-a, Ot-to-kar, would not own Ro-dolf's right to the realm, and thought he was so strong that he could hold his own. He had got Aus-tri-a when its Duke Fried-rich had been put to death with Con-rad-in, and his rule was with a strong hand. But he found that Ger-man-y did not go with him, and he lost bit by bit of his land till at last he had to come and kneel to Ro-dolf and beg that some small piece should be left to him. He came with great pomp, but Ro-dolf met him in the

plain suit he wore each day. He said: "The king of Bo-he-mi-a has oft had a laugh at my old gray coat, but now my coat shall laugh at him." As Ot-to-kar kneeled to the king it came to pass that the tent gave way. Ot-to-kar was in a rage at what he thought was a slight, and as soon as he could raise troops went to war once more. There was a great fight in which Ro-dolf won the day. He did his best to save the life of his foe, but the corpse of Ot-to-kar was found full of wounds. His son, Wen-gel, kept Bo-he-mi-a, but all the rest went to Ro-dolf.

He won the love of all at home. He went through all parts of his land and heard all who came to him to tell their griefs. When his men would have kept some poor men from him, he said: "For God's sake let them come. I was not made a king to be shut up from my kind."

He wore plain clothes and ate plain food, and when he heard that some of his knights found fault with the sour wine and rye bread that he was wont to share with them he would not keep them with him, as he said they were too choice to serve him.

At Mainz one day, as he took his walk in his old gray suit, he went in to a shop where they sold bread to get warm at the fire. The dame, who was in a cross mood, said: "Men who fight have no place in poor folks' homes," for she thought by his suit that

he was from the troops. "Let me rest, my good dame," he said; "I am an old man who has spent all his life to serve that chap Ro-dolf, who still lets me want." "It serves you right," said the dame, and she went on in a fierce way to rail at the king, and at last she put out the fire so that the smoke should make him go. When he sat down that day to dine he sent a boar's head and a flask of wine to the cross dame, as a gift. Of course the dame came to him in tears and great grief for what she had said, and he told her if she would tell her sharp words to all there he would make it all right.

He put an end to all wrongs, and made the land so full of peace that men could sow and reap, and those who made bread had soon no fault to find. He took some of the lords who had done naught but rob and kill, and had them hung. He did not let those go who did wrong, and he put all the laws in force. Though he was mild and good, he was firm and just. It was said of him: "He was the most brave man of his day, and the most true man that ere won the place of judge."

He lost two of his sons by death, and it was his wish that the third, Al-brecht, should be made King of the Ro-mans in his life time. But the folk put it off and said they could not keep up the state of two kings at once. Ro-dolf did not live to see the

crown put on his son's head. When he was ill and was told that it might end in death he said in a brave way: "Well, then, now for Spey-er." That was the place where the dead em-per-ors were laid at rest. He did not live to get there, but was on his way. His death was in July, 1291.

He had won the poor in his land by his frank ways and plain life. He could rule his own self, and that is more, the good book says, than to win a town. He was at no time cross, but full of jests and wise words. If the stores ran short he would pull up aught that was fit to eat that grew in the ground, peel it and eat it in the sight of his men to show that he would have no more than they, and he would not drink till he knew that there was some to spare for all. The pope had not put the crown on him, but he was known as em-per-or or kai-ser, as the Ger-mans call it, and he was one of the best they had known. He was the first of the house of Haps-burg, and was the one to found that line in Aus-tri-a.

CHAPTER XI.

FOUR MORE KINGS.

THE great men who chose the king were known by the name of E-lect-ors. The choice now fell on A-dolf of Nas-sau, who is said to have been one of the worst kings that had yet worn the crown. He was fierce and hard and made all hate him. He bought Thur-in-gi-a from the bad prince who held it. This man had been so harsh to his two sons that they fled from him, but he took them and had them thrown in jail, where they would have lost their lives for want of food if some of those who had been wont to serve in their homes had not fed them, and at last they got free.

They soon found friends and set out to get back the land the bad prince had sold, and half German-y went to help them. The troops of A-dolf, whom he had bought to serve him, did as they chose, and the land was full of fear and hate of them. Once they caught two poor dames and went to work to melt some tar and dip them in it and stick the plumes of birds on them. Then they thought it a grand jest to take them in the camp and show them as two strange birds they had

found. When one of the counts, a great man, went to tell the king of this vile deed, he was not heard, but sent out with rude words. The two heirs of Thur-in-gi-a did not win the fight, but they held out for three years. And by that time the elect-ors were sick of the choice, and they met and said that A-dolf by his deeds had lost all claim to the land, and they chose Al-brecht, the son of the good Ro-dolf, in his stead. So the two young men got back their own land, Thur-in-gi-a, once more. A-dolf would not give up, so there was a great fight with Al-brecht near Wurms. When the two met, A-dolf said: "Here you shall give up to me your em-pire and your life." Al-brecht said: "Both are in the hands of God!" and then he gave him such a blow that he fell from his horse. Then some Aus-tri-ans came up and made an end of him. The suits A-dolf and his knights wore were of such weight that when a man fell from a horse he could not rise, but must lie there and give some one a chance to stab him.

Al-brecht went to Aa-chen, where all the kings had gone for their crowns, and there he was made king. He was not like the good Ro-dolf, for he was harsh to his folk. He was tall and grim, and was made to look more fierce by the loss of one eye. His great wish was to make his sons

strong in their rights and great, and when the last of the kings of Bo-he-mi-a was dead he got his son Ro-dolf put in his place.

The way in which Al-brecht lost his eye goes



DEATH OF A-DOLF OF NAS-SAU.

to show what was known in those days of drugs. Once in his youth he was quite ill, and it was thought that some one had put a drug in his food to kill him. So the wise man who came to try and

cure him took this way to do it: He hung him up by the heels and took one eye out, so that the drug might run out by that way!

He did one good thing in his reign. It had been the law for those who went in boats on the Rhine to pay great tolls to the e-lect-ors. One of these e-lect-ors had grown so proud he was known by the name of "King Mak-er," and he said he had but to blow his horn to call up all the em-per-ors he chose. But these men had to give up the tolls, and men were free to sail the Rhine at will. Al-brécht was too strong for them, and the pope would not help them.

The next thing Al-brecht did was to lead a force in to Thur-in-gi-a, as he had a wish to get that land back. When he heard that the king was on his way with troops the young land-graf had to fly with his wife and new born babe. When they had gone a short way the child set up loud cries, and it is said that the land-graf made his troops stop and keep the foe at bay while the child was fed and put to rest. He was a man of great size, as is shown by a coat of mail now to be seen at Wart-burg, and his skill was such that he drove out the Aus-tri-ans and kept his land.

Al-brecht sought, too, to rule Swit-zer-land, and he sent there a harsh man by the name of Ges-ler.

The folks of this land could not bear his hard rule, and three men met at night and swore they would make a stand and strive to get free. The tale that has been told so long is that Ges-ler, to see how far he could bend this brave folk to his will, had set up his hat on a pole in the chief square of the town and said that all who went by should bow low to it, as if he stood there. There was one man, Wilhelm Tell, who would not bow to it, so they took him and threw him in jail. Now Wilhelm Tell was one of the best shots in the place, and Ges-ler told him that he would give him a chance for his life if he should prove to him that he was as good a shot as fame said. So he told him to put his young son 'neath a tree and try if he could shoot some thing that he would put on the top of his head. You see how hard that must have been, for Tell would be full of fear for his boy, and if his hand should move but a hair's breadth he might kill him. But Tell came forth with a stout heart and a grave face to do his task and try for his life. Do you know what he put on the boy's head? It was the same fruit that Eve ate, as told of in the Word of God, by which "sin came in to the world and all our woe."

His hand did not shake as he took his bow and sped the dart to the mark. The fruit was cleft in two. But Ges-ler saw still a dart left in his belt.

“What is this for?” he said. “For you, if I had slain my son,” said Tell. Then Ges-ler was in a rage and said he should be put where he could not see the sun or moon for the rest of his life. So they put him in a boat to cross Lake Lu-cerne, but a fierce storm came on and they had to free Tell from his chains so that he could steer the boat, as no one else knew how to do it. Tell did so, but when they got to the shore he sprang out and fled. He took his place back of a tree where he lay in wait till Ges-ler came by, when he shot him dead. Then he made off to his friends, and they rose in a mass and tore down all signs of the rule of the Aus-tri-an and swore they would be free. Al-brecht thought it would be a light task to bring these Swiss boors to a right mind, and he made a call for his troops. Just at this time Jo-han the son of that Ro-dolf who had been King of Bo-he-mi-a, came, as he had oft done, to ask for his land. He was now grown and thought it was time he should have his own. Al-brecht made a mock of him and threw him a wreath and said that was a fit toy for a boy of his age.

Jo-han made a vow that he would make the king pay dear for his joke. There were four knights who for some cause were not on good terms with the king, and to these Jo-han went. They made a plot, and when the king went to cross the Reuss they

made out to get in the first boat with him. Then with the cry: "Wilt thou now give me back my own," Jo-han gave the king a stab in the neck and three of the knights did the same. He was left to die in the arms of a poor dame who came to try and help him. The men who had done this fled to Swit-zer-land, as they thought they would find friends there. But the brave men of that place would have naught to do with them. The friends of the king got the four knights in their hands at last and put them to death. One was broke on a wheel, and the one who had not struck the king met the same fate as the rest. Jo-han got off, but it was said he was a prey to grief for his crime, and did not seem to find rest till he went to the pope at Rome and told his sin. Then he took a new name and led a life of good works far from the haunts of men. He is known as Jo-han the Par-ri-cide.

The e-lect-ors at this time said they would have no more kings of the house of Haps-burg, and they chose Hein-rich of Lux-em-burg, who is known as Hein-rich the Sixth. He had no thought of such a thing, but when the news was brought he set out to do what was right in all things and he was one of the best men who wore the crown of Karl the Great. The four sons of Al-brecht came to him to ask that his lands should be put in their hands. He told them

that they had best not touch Aus-tri-a as it had been the death of five kings. They told him to take care that he should not be the sixth. In the end he gave it to the first born, Fried-rich, and he made a pledge



COS-TUMES.

that he would let Switz-er-land go free, and help him in his plans with It-a-ly. He had a wish to get back the old hold on that land and free it from French rule. So in 1310 he set out to cross the Alps. The Lom-bard towns held out for a while, but he took them at last. Then he went on to Rome and found that half of the folks were for him, but half were on the side of the French. He kept on his march and

took the Cap-i-tol and the Col-os-se-um but he was kept out of the Vat-i-can. The pope had to send his crown to him by the hands of three great men of the Church. This was put on his head in the church of St. John, and while the em-per-or kneeled

the foe shot their darts all round him. But he made it plain that he was such a wise and just man that all the best men of the state came to look on him as their head. His death came in the midst of his good works. It was dealt out to him at the hands of a priest who it is said put a drug in the wine that he gave him in the church. When the em-per-or knew what had been done he said to the wretch: "In the Cup of Life thou hast dealt me out death; fly, ere my men can take thee." German-y had a great loss in this good em-per-or.

So the "king mak-ers" had to meet once more. Five chose Lud-wig, Duke of Ba-va-ri-a and two Fried-rich, Duke of Aus-tri-a. Both had the blood of Ro-dolf of Haps-burg in their veins. Lud-wig took his crown at Aa-chen and Fried-rich at Koln. One held most of the north and one most of the south. They had no time to take care of It-a-ly, for their own land was full of wrongs. The plague and want of food came to lend their aid to make it hard for all. The plague was known as the "black death," and it took off hosts of the folk. The two kings had a fierce fight at Muhl-dorf in 1322. Fried-rich thought he had won the day when a fresh force came on him, and went to work on his worn out troops till they were mown down like grass. This was led by one Schwep-per-man, a Ba-va-ri-an. Lud-wig, who had

thought all was lost, could scarce trust his eyes when he saw them bring in the chiefs of the foe and at last Fried-rich the king.

That night when they came to Lud-wig and said there was naught to eat but some eggs, and but few of them, he said: "Give them each one egg, but give two to the true Schwep-per-man. If I sleep in my camp this night I owe it to him." These words were cut on the tomb of Schwep-per-man when he was laid to rest, and all of his name had an egg in gold on their shield. Lud-wig met his foe with kind words, but he sent him to a strong hold to be kept out of his way. Pope John laid the ban of the Church on Ger-man-y, but most of the folk were on the side of Lud-wig. When three years were gone he went to see Fried-rich in jail, and said they were too near of kin to be foes, and that he thought they might both reign in peace and both have the name of "Kings of the Romans." This Fried-rich was glad to do, and though the pope would have naught to do with this plan, the two held it all their lives in good faith. When Fried-rich's death came, then Lud-wig was sole em-per-or.

He did not win the love of his folk, for his whole thought was to get all he could for his sons, and he did not keep his word with En-gland, who had

sent him gold for troops to help them. So no one gave him aid when the pope put a more fierce ban on him, and the e-lect-ors were glad of a chance to make a new king. The pope sent his vote to aid them, and the choice fell on Jo-han of Bo-he-mi-a, but all the towns save those of Bo-he-mi-a and Sax-on-y stood true to Lud-wig. In 1347 Lud-wig had a stroke and fell dead from his horse at a bear hunt.

CHAPTER XII.

RULE AND MIS-RULE.

KARL IV. was held by most to be more of a French man than a Ger-man, and there was a good old man who was the choice of the e-lect-ors at first, but he did not live to wear the crown. So Karl came to the throne, and like the rest of kings had all done with state and pomp, and the crown put on his head at Aa-chen. The pope sent word he might come to Rome for the crown there if he would bring no troops and stay no more than a month.

Karl had more love for his own land, Bo-he-mi-a, than for all the rest of Ger-man-y. He sold the

crown lands and all else that he could sell, and in this way made out to rob all the emperors who were to come. The Black Death was in such force in the land that whole towns were left with



KARL IV.

not one soul in them, and it was so bad that it took off the dogs and cats and pigs. Some thought it was the fault of the Jews, and in Stras-burg they burned them to death, great hosts in one pile. Some thought the plague was sent for the sins of the land, and they thought they could best show their grief by fast and scourge. There was a band of them who went through the streets and the towns and sang hymns. They would strip off their clothes to the waist and had a scourge in their hands, and each would

beat the man in front of him till the blood would stream from the wounds. In this way they thought they could make their peace with God, and He would take the plague from them. But the most wise of all were some of the good wives

and maids who made a band to go out and nurse and tend the sick.

In Karl IV.'s time was built the great school of Ger-man-y at Prague, and he did all he could to make that town fine. He, too, first found out that the springs at Carls-bad were good to heal the sick, and they took their name from him. But he had small care for the folk of Ger-man-y, and thieves once more could roam at will in all parts of the land, and the bar-ons still held their place on the tops of high hills, whence they could see their prey and swoop down and take it.

He had more thought of It-a-ly, and what he could get out of the towns there. But they soon found that he did not keep his word, and that a bribe was the most sure way to get his aid.

He was a man who spoke more than one tongue and was fond of books. He knew how to rule his own land, Bo-he-mi-a, well, but for all the rest he did not care save to get as much out of it as he could. He had got his first born son, Wen-zel, made King of the Ro-mans two years ere his death.

In 1378 Wen-zel, King of Bo-he-mi-a, came to the throne. He was rude and coarse, more like a man out of the rough tribes of the north in the fierce wild deeds he did than a Chris-tian king. He left Ger-man-y to get on as best she could, and things

grew so bad there that good men had to form a league and take hold of some of the thieves and have them put to death. The folk had no love for the king, and when he sent to the men of Roth-er-mel for a sum of gold they would not give as much as a cent. The king wrote these lines to them which are still kept:

"To the men of Roth-er-mel who do not keep faith with the em-pire:

"The deil went forth to shear a hog and spake thus: 'Great cry, but not much wool.

"REX."

But at his own court at Prague it was best seen what sort of man he was. He made a feast there at one time to which he bade all the great men. He had three large tents, black, white and red. He was in the black tent and each man had to go in there first. Then as each man came in he would ask him what lands he held from the crown. If the man said he would yield them all up they took him to the white tent to a grand feast; but if he said he thought he had a right to keep them, they took him to the red tent and cut off his head. The next time he gave a feast, ere his guests sat down he made haste to show them a man who stood near with an ax and said to him with a grim smile: "Wait a while, thou shalt have work when we dine." The guests were not slow to take this

hint, and, of course, he got all he chose to ask of them..

His poor wife must have led a sad life, for it is said that he kept a pack of blood hounds at his side when he ate and when he was in bed, so that she was oft torn by them. She was a good and kind dame and had a priest who led her to find that peace in love to God and good works that she did not find at home. This was a man, Ne-po-muk by name, who could at times make the em-per-or less harsh. But one day when he sat down to dine and a fowl was put in front of him that was not quite done, he flew in a great rage and said the poor cook should be put on the spit in front of the fire to roast. Ne-po-muk kneeled to the king to beg him not to have such a vile deed done, but in vain. All he got for his pains was the wrath of the king, who had him thrown in jail. He was held there for some days, then all at once he was sent for to dine with the king in great state. But he found that the king's aim was to find out all the queen had said to him, when she told him all her faults as a priest in the Church. This as a good priest he would not tell, and when the king found that threats were vain his rage knew no bounds. At first he sought to make the priest speak by the pain of the rack, then he was bound hand and foot and thrown in the

Mol-dau at night from the bridge which still bears his name. But his corpse came up, and his friends took it and it was borne to the great church, and all the priests and the folk ran there to see him and touch him, as they held him to be a saint.

Wen-zel's great friend was the man whose work it was to cut off heads; a grim sort of friend you may think. But he did not care much for his friends, for one day in jest he told this man that he would like to know just what one felt when he had his cut off. "Bind me," he said, "and let me lay my head on the block and wait till I cry 'Strike'!"

The man did so, and when the king said "Strike," he did it in a light way with the flat of the sword. But the king did not like his own jest, for he sprang up, told the man to lay down his head in turn, caught up the sword, and cut it off!

The folk in their fright went to the next son of Karl, Sieg-mund by name, to ask him what they should do with this mad man. He told them they ought to put him in a cell and so keep him that he could do no more harm. So they shut him up in a fort at Prague. One day when they let him bathe in the Mol-dau he met a young girl with a boat, and got her to let him in and row him off to the shore, where he took up arms to fight the folk. But they got Sieg-mund to come with troops,

and they took him once more and sent him to Vi-en-na. There he was shut up in a strong hold. There he saw one day a kind old man who gave alms to all the poor in the court. He found a chance to talk with him and won him to his side, so that one day he brought a silk cord by means of which the king slid down to the stream. There his friend was in wait with a boat to row him off. He got back to Prague and made out to get his realm back, and he gave high rank to the friend who had lent him his aid.

In the mean time Duke Le-o-pold of Aus-tri-a had once more sought to make the free Swiss yield to him. He went with a great host of men to fight a small band who had naught but shields of wood and clubs with spikes round their head, to which they gave the name of stars. The duke was in great haste to fight. One knight sought to make him wait till some more troops came, but one said: "No, we will serve up these chaps to the duke this night, boil or roast, as he likes best." So the troops were drawn up and stood like one steel wall, their spears were so thick. It did not seem that the brave Swiss could break that wall or reach them with their poor arms. They all kneeled down to pray, and then one of them, Ar-nold von Wink-el-ried by name, stepped out and said: "Dear friends, I will make a way for

you. Take care of my wife and babes." Then he made a dash on the spears, took all he could in his arms, and held them fast to his breast in the clasp of death. The Swiss sprang in to the gap he had made and fought on his corpse. Fright took hold of the Aus-tri-ans. Most fled, but a few brave ones staid to fight it out. The Duke Le-o-pold was one of these, and met his death there. It was through one brave man that this strange fight was won, and his name still lives in song and tale. Two years from that time the Swiss won the day in one more fight, and from that time they were free.

Wen-zel went on with his mad deeds till the folk felt that they could bear no more. Some one wrote on the door of his home: "Wen-zel, the new Nero." When the king saw it he wrote this line next: "If I have not been I will be now."

So the e-lect-ors met and chose Ru-precht of the Rhine to be King of Ger-man-y. Wen-zel said he was glad of it, for he should now have time to tend to his own land, Bo-he-mi-a. He did seem to care for the great school in Prague, and had some wise men brought there to teach.

But some of the towns would not have Ru-precht, though he was a good man. The fact is they did not want to have laws to mind at all, they had had

their own way so long. The new king was not so strong that he could force them. He did try to make way in It-a-ly, but lost the fight at Brec-cia. This was the last fight of the Ger-mans on that side of the Alps for five times ten years. In Ger-man-y he had more friends, and did his best to right some of the wrongs of the poor.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE REF-OR-MA-TION.

ON Ru-precht's death in 1410 the e-lect-ors met to choose a king. They chose Sieg-mund, who was one of them, and he cast a vote for his own self, for he said there was no one whose good points he knew so well as his own. So he got his crown at Aa-chen. He was a good man, but vain, and could not long keep at rest. He was full of plans to set things right, for there were just then three popes in It-a-ly. At that time John Huss taught in the great school at Prague and sought to stir up the folk to the wrong that was in the Church of Rome. This made men wish to set a bound to the pope's claims. One of the worst of these was that the pope had said if a man went on a cru-sade or to Rome he

would be freed from years of hell fire, when he was dead, in a place to which they gave the name of purg-a-to-ry, and at last the priests sold for a sum of gold bills to free souls from this fire for a year or more. The more



SIEG-MUND.

gold paid the more time could they buy from purg-a-to-ry. The works of John Wick-liffe of England were brought to Prague, and set all the sects who had not yet lost their strength to work once more. Men rose here and there to preach that the Church should go back to its pure ways, that it was no use to pray to saints, and that a trade in the mass, to say they could save souls for so much gold was vile and wrong.

At last Sieg-mund set to work to see what he could do to right these wrongs in the Church. So he brought from France and It-a-ly a great crowd

of the heads of the Church and wise men and priests, and one of the popes, for there were three of them at that time. They met at Con-stance, and a strange crew of all sorts of folks, knights and squires, those who had shows and games or things to sell, and those who came in their rags to beg, went there too, so that round the town was like a great fair. First they said that this should be known as the Coun-cil of the Church. Then they said that the voice of the Coun-cil of the Church should be of more weight than the pope's. Then they thought they would try the new faith, and they sent John Huss a safe pass to come and tell them of it. He did not feel a strong trust in the word of the em-per-or, so he strove to get off hid in a load of hay. But he was brought to Con-stance, and ere they said a word to him he was thrown in a foul cell, so that he grew quite ill. Sieg-mund would have set him free, but the chief men of the Church of Rome would not hear to it. When they brought him out to try him the whole thing was a farce. When he would try to speak they would drown his voice with their cries. Some of the things that Wick-liffe held were read and they were said to be false and bad. Huss said he would give up what he taught if they could prove it was not in the Word of God. But they told him he must give up

all he held as truth and teach it no more or be burned to death.

This he would not do, so on the 6th of July, 1415, they met once more. Huss was led in their midst clad in the dress of a priest. The charge was read and they did not let him speak a word. Once he did raise his voice and spoke of the safe pass that the em-per-or had made out for him. They gave him the cup which held the wine blessed by the Church, and then they took it from him and said that he should not have the cup which held the blood of Christ. Huss said: "I trust that I shall this day drink of this cup in Heav-en." Then they took off his priest's dress and laid the curse of the Church on him, and said that his soul would be lost. But he said: "I give it in to God's hands."

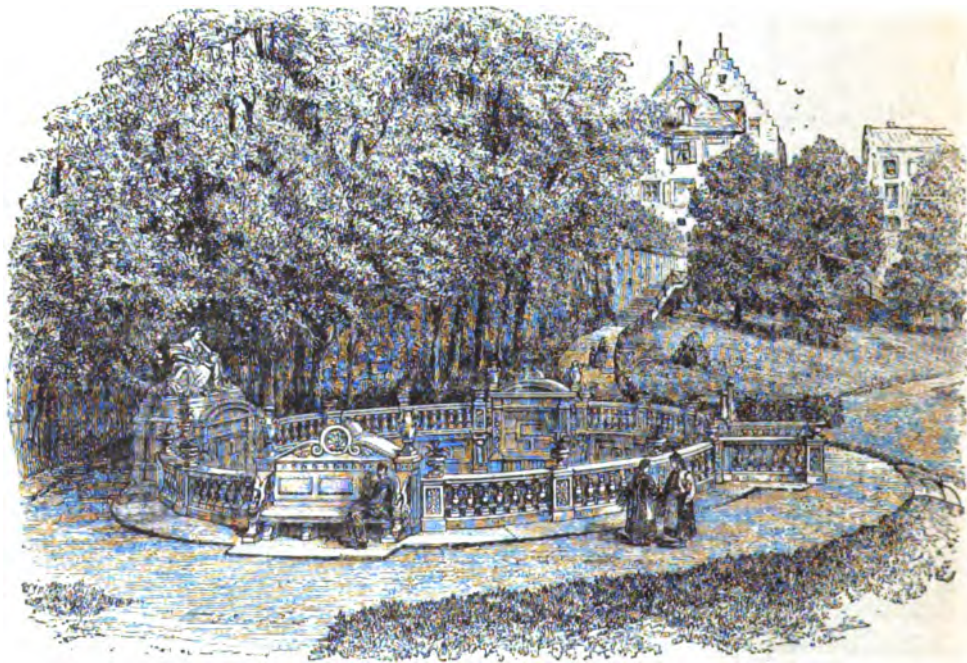
That same day he was led out to be burned. He kneeled by the stake to pray. When they gave him one more chance for his life if he would take back what he had taught, he said in a loud voice that he would seal by his death the truth of all he had taught. When they had lit the pile he was heard to cry out three times from the midst of the flames to that Christ in whom he had put his trust.

Je-rome, the friend of Huss, who had been

thrown, too, in a cell spite of his safe pass, was so weak and ill that he said he would teach no more. But when he grew strong his faith grew strong, too, and he stood up in the face of the Coun-cil and in a bold and grand speech he made plain the truth of all he had taught. He too was burned at the stake.

The fate of these two men set Bo-he-mi-a on fire. There were hosts of men of all rank who set their names to a bill of blame to the Coun-cil and grief for the good men they had sent to their death. The Coun-cil said that they would sift out of the great school at Prague all who held the faith of John Huss. The Bo-he-mi-ans grew more fierce at this. Men of all ranks were as one. They said the faith of John Huss should be taught in their school and the Church should have naught to say to it. There was one man of rank, John Lis-ka, who went through the land in a mad way. He had a flag with the Cup on it, and took up a march through Bo-he-mi-a at the head of a crowd of all age, sex and rank, and they did all sorts of crimes. When they came to a church of Rome they would storm and rob it. When they came to the town hall, where some who held their faith were in jail, they threw stones till all the panes of glass were broke. Then they went in and threw out the chief

men who fell on the spears of those in the street. This band of Lis-ka's took the name of "God's folk," but they did not act up to their name. King Wen-zel was so full of fear at the sounds he heard when they were on their march through Prague

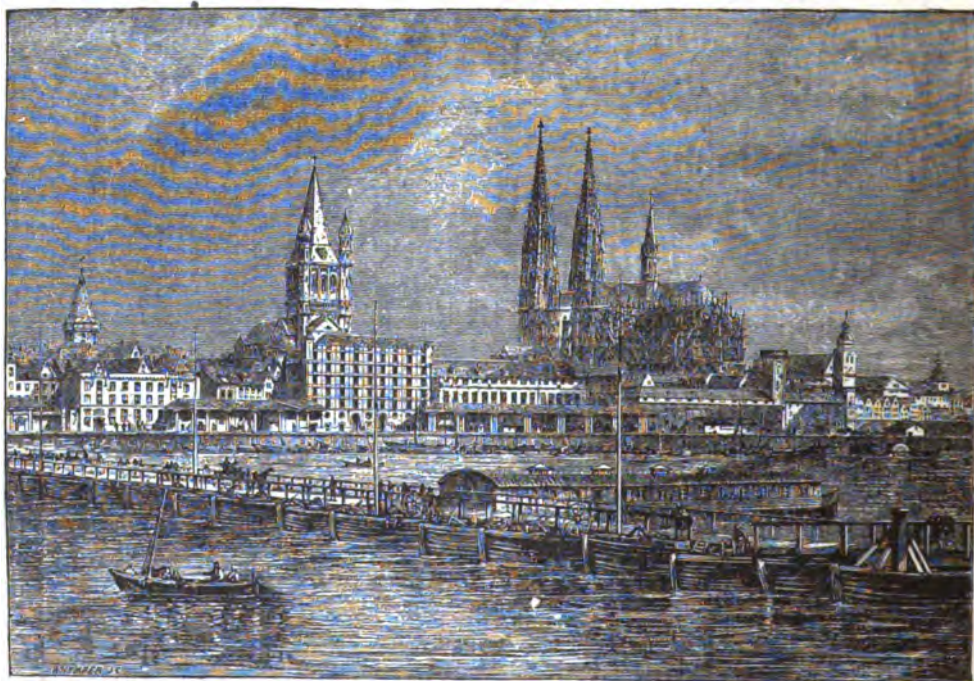


THE SOURCE OF THE DAN-UBE.

that he fell dead in a fit. The Huss-ites at last brought the rest to terms, which were: "That they should be free to preach the word of God. That the bread or wine of the Church should not be kept back from those of the faith, and that the Church

should hold no lands in its gift. Siegmund had to yield all this ere the folks would own him for their king. He had a bad wife and he thought she was the cause of his death. On his death bed he gave the name of his son in law, Albrecht of Hapsburg, as the one to whom he would leave his crown. Albrecht II. had a hard fight at first for the throne of Bo-he-mi-a, but they took him at last and he was made King of Hun-gar-y and King of the Ro-mans, too. He was a good and wise man, but his reign was short. He found he had to keep back the Turks who were on the march for Hun-gar-y. So he set out with his troops and made his camp by the Dan-ube. But the marsh round the camp made him so ill that he had to turn back. He grew so much worse that they thought it would be best for him to stop. But he said he would be well if he could get home and but see his dear wife and babes once more. So they bore him on, but he did not get home. His death came at a small place on the way. His reign was but two years. He left two girls and one son, a babe. The Hun-ga-ri-ans who were in need of a strong hand to help them, said they would give their crown to King Lad-is-las of Po-land. But when they came to crown him the crown could not be found. At last the queen came with the crown, which she had hid in her babe's

crib. He was twelve weeks old, but they put the crown on his head and made him a knight. Still the great mass of the folk in Hun-gar-y held to the King of Po-land.



COL-OGNE, SHOW-ING THE GREAT CATH-E-DRAL.

CHAPTER XIV.

MAX-I-MIL-I-AN.

THE e-lect-ors had in the mean time met, and they gave the crown to one of the house of Hapsburg, Fried-rich, Duke of Sty-ia. He was a dull man, who sought to grasp all he could. He thought that Aus-tri-a was the lord of all the world. He was the last em-per-or who had a crown put on his head at Rome.

He took for wife El-ea-nor of Port-u-gal, a dame whose charms had won great fame. Feasts were held with crowds of guests, founts of wine, and all that was rich and rare to eat. As he went in to Vi-ter-bo, some young men, to play a joke on him, let down hooks to pull up the cloth of gold 'neath which he rode. Next they sought to fish up his hat, which had a rare gem on it; but this was more than Fried-rich could bear. He made a charge at



FRIED-RICH III.

the crowd, and the chief ones in this joke were thrown in jail for a while.

The death of the child-king of Bo-he-mi-a came in 1457, and then they chose a Huss-ite, by the name of George Po-die-brad. Hun-gar-y, too, chose a king, by the name of Mat-thi-as, who had won much for them in the war with the Turks. Fried-rich did not win the hearts of his own folk, the Aus-tri-ans, and once they laid siege to his home, and the King of Bo-he-mi-a had to come to his help. So from that time Fried-rich had to hold up this king's right to the crown.

Charles the Bold, a rich prince who held all the lands at the mouth of the Rhine, with Flan-ders and Hol-land, had one child, Ma-ry of Bur-gun-dy. He thought it would be a good plan to wed her to Max-i-mil-i-an, the son of Fried-rich. This young man had a fine form and face, and long, fair hair. There were eight weeks of feasts, for which Charles paid, while the two kings came to terms. Charles was to be made King of the Ro-mans; but five of the e-lect-ors would not have it, and they made out to coax Fried-rich out of the scheme. So in the depth of the night he stole out, took a boat on the Mo-selle, and got to Koln ere his flight was found out. He had not paid his debts, and he left no good-by for his host. When at last Charles the

Bold met his death in a siege at Lor-raine, the young Ma-ry found it so hard to rule that she sent Max-i-mil-i-an a ring which soon brought him to her side. They were wed at once, and for three years had much joy and peace, but then she met her death by a fall from her horse. She left two babes, Philip and Mar-gar-ethe.

Fried-rich had got into strife with Mat-thi-as, King of Bo-he-mi-a, who came in such strength in to Aus-tri-a that Fried-rich had to fly from Vi-en-na. He went from town to town and sought help, but could not find it.

His son could give him no aid. The states of Flan-ders and Hol-land would not let him have charge of them when his wife was dead, but sent the child Mar-gar-ethe to the court of France, that she might be brought up for a wife for the Dau-phin Charles. But when the e-lect-ors met they chose Max-i-mil-i-an as King of the Ro-mans. Then Anne of Brit-tan-y, who had a hard time with the French, and her own folk too, sent to beg him to come and wed her and save her from her foes. He set out with a troop of Ger-mans, but he had to pass



MAX-I-MIL-I-AN.

through the town of Bru-ges. There the men were in a rage at the Ger-mans he brought, so that when he came in to the town they rose on him and drove him in a shop, from whence they took him to a fort and kept him ten weeks. By that time the head men of Ger-man-y had got troops and brought the folks of Flan-ders to terms, and they set the king free. All the whole time he bore his ill luck so well that they could not hate him. When he gave thanks that he was free in a church at Bru-ges, he said to the folks: "Now we are at peace."

By this time Anne of Brit-tan-y, who did not seem to care much for him, did not wait, but wed Charles of France. This was the prince for whom the child Mar-gar-ethe had been meant, so she was sent back to her home.

Max-i-mil-i-an was a tall fine man, full of grace. He was wise in book lore, could speak in all tongues, and knew all there was to be known of art at that day. He was so brave that we may say he was rash. Once he went into a den of wild beasts and found that the door had been shut on him. The beasts made a spring on him, but he fought so well that he kept them at bay till help came. He could climb like a wild goat or deer and had been in all sorts of straits in wind and snow storms in the Ty-rol. Once he made a slip at a place known as

Martin's-ward and was caught by a small ledge of rock with a cleft in it, whence there was no way up or down. Crowds of folk came out to look at him, but they could not help him. They could not so much as get at him to give him food or drink. They thought he must starve and die in their sight. He threw down a stone with a note made fast to it in which he wrote that he would like to have mass said for him in the town, and that they must fire a shot that he might know just when they all kneeled to pray for him. At that time he all at once came in their midst and said a boy who kept sheep had come and led him through a way in the cleft and brought him out safe. As no such youth had been seen from that time the folk grew to think that God had sent some one to save him. A church built by Max-i-mil-i-an still stands on the top of that rock.

As he could do and dare so much, they gave him the name of the Last of the Knights. He was fond of fire arms, which had but just come in to use, and he sought to find out all sorts of new ways to make them. In this way he ran great risks. Once the toe of his boot, which had a long point, as was the mode in that day, was caught and torn off by the wheel by which he sought to turn balls out of stone, and once he was just in time to keep back his fool ere he lit with a match what would have sent all

with one blast in to the jaws of death. He found



AL-BRECHT DU-RER.

out in this way new things to use in war and at the same time he did all he could for the arts of peace. He was kind to the great man, Albrecht Dürer, who could paint so well, and he gave his aid to those whose work it was to print books. He wrote two books, one of

which by name "The White King," told the tale

of his own life and of the young wife for whom he did not cease to mourn.

In the mean time the want of rule and law in Ger-man-y grew too great to be borne. One of the knights, or we may call him one of the thieves, by the name of Kunz, went so far as to scale the wall of a strong fort of one the E-lect-or of Sax-on-y and steal his two boys, Ernst and Al-brecht. Ernst was hid by some of the band in a cave, but Kunz took Al-brecht with him on a horse. He made a halt in a wood at the break of day to get some wild fruit for the boy to eat. A man came up just then and Al-brecht plead for help. The man had a long pole, and he made out to hold Kunz till his call brought some work men who set the boy free and took Kunz to jail. His men then gave up Ernst, and Kunz had his head cut off in a week from that time. You see he had thought the boys would be bought back for a large sum of gold.

Each prince and all the towns did what they could to put down these vile deeds, and they made a strong league for it, by name the Swa-bi-an League. They set to work to put down all feud briefs, and where there was a knight who would not keep the law they would storm his home on the heights and make him do right or else put him to death.

Fried-rich took small heed of all this. He gave all to his son. He spent his days with his books. He had grown old and weak. It had been his way for years to kick at a door with his right foot when he went in to a room, and then he would thrust back the foot to close the door. But one day the kick was so hard that he hurt his leg, and went lame from that time. This grew so much worse that he had to have the leg cut off. When this was done he took the leg in his hand and said: "There! a sound boor is worth more than a sick Kai-ser." At first all went well, but then he grew worse, and his death was on the 19th of August, 1493. One great thing took place in his time. John Gu-ten-berg, of May-ence, first made the plan by which we print. He first had type made that one could move from place to place, and set so as to form words. He had to try a long time ere he could get all right—the right stuff for the types and the best sort of ink.

He was poor, but he found a man of wealth to go in with him. Till then all books were dear, but once a press was made they could be sold cheap. The way they were made was not told, and the folks thought it was by some black art, that was not right. The first press was made in 1440. This art made a great change in the whole world, but the

kings of that age were the last ones to guess what the press was to do for all time to come.

Kai-ser Max, as he was known, though he had not the crown of em-per-or, came to the throne in 1493. He drove back the Turks in a brave way, so that all came out to hail him at Inns-bruck as a brave and true prince.

He took for his wife Bi-an-ca Ma-ri-a of Mil-an, that he might have some foot hold in It-a-ly. He did not seem to care for her, for she was a dull, fat dame and of small mind, who found her chief joy in the things she ate. There was all sorts of strife in It-a-ly just then. The French were there and Max-i-mil-i-an took part with the league to get them out. The It-al-ians would at times side with each, but their wish was to get rid of all. The pope, A-lex-an-der VI., was one of the worst of men, and had brought the Church into such a state, that all good men felt there was no cure but to call a grand coun-cil.

The strife went on, and when at last the pope was dead, Max-i-mil-i-an thought he would try to be made pope, and thus he could best right the wrongs in the Church. But this made men laugh at him, and Leo X. was made pope. Some thought that Kai-ser Max was not one whom men could trust, but the chief fault was that each Ger-man prince felt

like a king, and would not keep rules or serve him as they should have done. They did his will if they chose to, that was all, and most of the time they did not choose. He lost Bo-he-mi-a and Swit-zer-land, but he did much by the way he laid out his land and set good men to rule each part and to keep the peace. Aus-tri-a was kept in good rule, and there was a court set up there to hear complaints from all the rest of the land. But do what he would he could not stir up the Ger-mans to join with him to keep off the Turks, who grew more bold year by year. A large stone that fell in a storm was held to be a bolt from the sky, and Max-i-mil-i-an had it hung up in the church to show that they might look for the wrath of God if they did not do what was right. But all his words were in vain.

Still there was a gain of more than one kind in the time of Max-i-mil-i-an. The knights who had been the dread of all the land as thieves, were put down, and in the wars new modes had been brought in. They gave up the old coats of mail which were of such weight for man and horse, and a rude kind of gun was brought in use.

The chief strength of Ger-man-y lay in the towns, which kept all the arts in life and held a class of men who knew book lore and yet were not in the Church. Till then few but the priests had books

or read them. In these towns were met those who could write the best, paint the best, mold the clay, or cut the stone in shapes and forms of men or beasts, or build grand piles that still stand. In these towns fairs and feasts were held and in times of peace the life there was gay and bright. One of the popes wrote: "One may say that no folk live in more clean and bright towns than the Germans. They look as new as if they were just built. There is great wealth here. At their feasts they drink from cups of gold, and there is not a dame who has not gems and gold to wear. The boys in this land can ride ere they can walk and sit firm while the horse goes at full speed. Men move at ease in their arms as if they did not feel the weight. Ah! you Germans might be the lords of the world, as you were of old, if you were one and had but one king to rule you." The death of Max-i-mil-i-an came in 1519.

CHAPTER XV.

MAR-TIN LU-THER.

AT the time of the death of Max-i-mil-i-an there was a man who had been born to do a work more great than ere was done by kings or knights

of old. This man was Mar-tin Lu-ther. The new mode of thought, which was known as the Ref-or-ma-tion, had found place in the hearts and hopes of a large class of men. In all parts of the world there were those who held that the Word of God was the first rule of life, and that they need not go to priest or church for their faith. When men found out how to print, all could have the good book in their hands and read and find out the truth for their own selves.

Mar-tin Lu-ther was the son of a poor man who cut wood for his bread. When he was at school at Eis-le-ben he had to go in the streets from door to door and sing chants so that he might get a few coins for food. He was so fond of his book and so glad to learn that all had the wish to help him. At last he was sent to a grand school at Er-furt, and he did well there and stood with the first. His folks would have him learn law, but his heart was set to serve God as a monk. He had read much in God's Word, and had such a sense of his own sins that he grew quite ill. One day as he took a walk with a young friend the youth was struck dead at his side in a storm. Then Lu-ther made up his mind to give up the world and be a monk. He still did not seem to find peace of mind or rest from the thought of his sins. He would fast

and pray, and flog his own self, as was the way with the monks, but in vain, till at last he found rest in God's word. The peace he got there he did not lose, and he held out to the end.

In the year 1517 Pope Le-o X., who lives in fame for his love of art as well as for his wealth, found that he had not as much gold as he could spend. So he thought of a way to make more. He drew up lines to which he put his name, by which he gave men leave to do a sin if they would pay for it. The worse the sin the more great the price. These were known as "In-dul-gen-ces."

Men went to sell them through the land, as we now see men with packs on their backs sell tapes and thread and pins. Such a man by the name of Tet-zel came in to Ger-man-y. In some towns he did well and sold much, for there are vile men who love to do wrong and still more to feel that they are quite free to sin. There were some who bought the indul-gence for sin that they had not done, but meant to do. But all good men felt that this was a crime. There was but one man who was so brave as to come out and say that the pope had no right to trade in sin and crime. This was Dr. Mar-tin



MAR-TIN LU-THER.

Lu-ther, who now had a place to teach in the great school at Wit-ten-berg. He wrote out the truth and said that he would prove it in the face of all foes, and he went on to nail this on the door of the church in Wit-ten-berg. The sum of what he wrote was that none could free us from our sins but God, and one must mourn for sins with a true heart ere God would free us from them, that to give men leave to do sin was false to the Church, and for that he could not think the pope had done it! It was Lu-ther's aim then not to leave the Church of Rome, but to make it more pure. This which he had set forth was put in print and sent out to all parts of the land. He was told that he was false to his vows and that he should burn like John Huss. He then set forth his views in tracts which men of all ranks read, and the faith spread more and more. At last the pope sent him word that he must take back what he had said, as it was not what was set forth in his bulls; but Lu-ther said: "The voice of the pope can but be as the voice of God when it is such as is set forth of in God's Word." One of the head men of the Church who was sent to see Lu-ther said: "I will have no thing more to do with that Ger-man beast with the deep eyes and queer whims in his brain." And Lu-ther said of him: "That man knows no more



LU-THER NAIL-ING HIS THE-SIS TO THE DOOR.

of God's Word than an ass knows how to play the harp."

Charles of Haps-burg had been made king. He was king, too, of Na-ples, Sic-i-ly and Spain. He was a grave man, full of thought, and slow of speech. It took him a long time to make up his mind, but once he had made it naught could change him. He had been a weak youth, slow of growth, and his nerves were not strong. He had a real wish to do what was right, and he had two great aims in his reign—one was to cleanse the Church of Rome from all that was wrong in her, and one was to have a Cru-sade and drive back the Turks.

Lu-ther wrote to Charles on the state of the Church in strong words, and at the same time the pope sent a bull to say that if Lu-ther did not cease he must be sent to Rome to be dealt with as one out of the pale of the Church. This bull was burned by Lu-ther and his friends in the chief place of the town of Wit-ten-berg.

Charles then sent out a call to all to come to Wurms and try this thing. He sent Lu-ther a safe pass to come there, but his friends did not want him to go, for they knew how it had been with John Huss. But Lu-ther said he would go "though the deils in Worms were as thick as the tiles on the roofs," and as he rode in the town he sang psalms.

There was such a crowd in Worms as ne'er was seen in Ger-man-y. All the friends of Lu-ther were there to see that he came to no harm. One old chief of the troops came to him and said:

"Monk, thou art on a march and a charge such as we who go to war ne'er saw in our worst fight, but if thy cause be just, go on in God's name, and He will not leave thee."

They had all his books brought out in the court, and he was not slow to own that he wrote them.

He was calm and firm. Charles thought he was rough and coarse, and said: "This is not the man to make me change my faith." But Lu-ther made a



A FASH-ION-A-BLE LA-DY OF THE 16TH CEN-TU-RY.

plain and clear speech, and set forth the grounds of his creed. He said he could not take back what he had taught, save it should be shown that it was not to be found in God's word. "Here I stand," he said. "I can not go back. God help me!"

Charles the V. said they could treat Lu-ther as one false to his Church as soon as the day for which he had the free pass was gone. So a few of Lu-ther's friends made a plot to get him off safe, but they did not let the rest know. When he set out from Worms he went in a cart with but one friend. When they came to a lone glen four knights in arms made a rush at him, took him, put him on a horse and bore him off. The news spread like wild fire that Lu-ther had been put to death, and for a year he was lost to the world. But all his books were read the more, and his views spread through the whole land. All the time he was in a safe place in Wart-burg and spent his days in work on the Word of God, which he wrote out of the Lat-in in to Ger-man, so that all could read it. The room in which he did this work is kept till this day and all that was in it. When he thought there was need for him to come forth he did so. He did not wear his monk's dress, but had a breast-plate and let his beard grow. His friend Me-lanc-thon did not know him when they met. He set out to



MAR-TIN LU-THER PREACH-ING.

preach with all his old zeal. Charles in the mean time gave half of his lands of Aus-tri-a to Fer-di-nand. Fer-di-nand was a man who won the love of all, and was most true to King Charles, who left him to rule in Ger-man-y while he went to Spain. His old friend A-dri-an had been made pope, and Charles thought he could right all wrongs in the Church through him. But A-dri-an was too good for the court of Rome at that time, and he was soon put out of the way. Then they chose a new pope, Cle-ment VII., who was too fond of his gains to do aught that could make them less.

Fran-cis I. made war at this time on four lands, and Spain was one. Charles said he gave God thanks that he was not the one to bring on this war, for ere it was done one of them would be much more poor than he was now.

Charles had good troops in Spain and they fought well, so that he drove the French out at once and took Fran-cis, their king. He was sent to Charles, at Mad-rid. Charles would have no feasts or signs of joy shown, for he said for two Chris-tian lands to be at war was a cause for grief. His terms with the French king were that he should give up all claim to Sic-i-ly, and Mil-an, and Bur-gun-dy. Fran-cis was in a rage at first, and said he would give up his crown first. But he fell ill, and then

he said he would do all. At the same time he swore an oath to his own friends that he should not feel bound to keep his word as he was in bonds.



A DRA-GOON.

So he was set free, and his two sons were sent to Charles as a pledge that he would keep his word. But he would not keep his word nor give up Bur-gun-dy, and he made a league with the pope.

But he did not gain much by this, for there were some troops in the north of It-a-ly who took it in their heads to march to Rome and rob the folk right and left. They meant to go on and make Bour-bon (who had left his own land) their king. But Bour-bon was shot dead as he went in to Rome. Then the troops spread through the town, and the pope had to keep shut up in St. An-ge-lo, he was in such fear of these men, for they did naught but drink and steal from the rich stores of the Church and do all sorts of crimes. The plague broke out in the French troops, and then Fran-cis had to give up and make peace.

In the mean time the poor men whose work it was to till the soil and who had borne all sorts of wrongs from their lords rose to fight for their rights. They gave way to a mad rage and would spare naught that came in their way. They had a man by the name of Mun-zer at their head, and he taught them that all wealth should be put in shares, so that none would be poor and none rich. These folks did not spare men or their wives or babes. They would storm a house, kill all in it and then take all they could find. They did spare church or school if the walls were not so thick that they could not get in.

At last troops were found to meet them. Mun-

zer did his best to keep his men brave. There was a rain bow in the sky and he told them to look on it as a pledge from God that they would win. But the knights in arms trod them down and shot them with ease. Mun-zer was found in a hay loft and put to death. One of the men said to those who took him : " Ah, sir, the rule of a boor is ten times worse than the rule of a knight." All were in a hot rage at these poor mad men, but the E-lect-or Fried-rich, who said that if they were brutes it was the fault of those who had made slaves of them so long.

When Lu-ther was at work on the word of God he took great pains to find short and strong words, so that all might read it and learn the way of life. He did not wish to write it in terms that the poor man did not know. So it was his way to go out in the streets where there were throngs of the poor, to go to the house of birth and death, or where feasts were held for those who wed, that he might hear the mode in which the poor spoke on such themes. He said : " I can not use the words of the rich and those heard in courts, I must give pure and clear Ger-man." And he said he and Me-lanc-thon would oft seek three or four days for one short and strong word. Charles the V. and the pope had made a peace by this time by which Charles got the

crown as King of Lom-bard-y and Em-per-or of Rome, and was bound to root out the faith that Lu-ther taught. In some parts of the land those who held this creed were burned at the stake and the ban of the Church was laid on Lu-ther. But there were some parts of the land, with Sax-on-y at their head, who did not think this fair, and they made what was known as a "pro-test." From this came the name of "Prot-est-ant," which we give to all but the Church of Rome to this day. There was once more a Grand Coun-cil held at Augs-burg. All the Prot-est-ant towns had drawn up the grounds of their faith. It was done by Me-lanc-thon. At the same time Lu-ther, who could not be there, wrote his grand hymn—"A Fort of Strength is our God." It was a warm day, and the place where the faith of the Prot-est-ants was to be read was small, so that few could hear it. But the heat made them throw back the doors, and the one who read did so in a loud, clear voice. All the vast throng who could not get in heard just as well on the out-side. It was clear and full of force, and has been held as the views of the Lu-ther-an Church till this day. It is known as the "Augs-burg Con-fes-sion," and since then there have been found in each age and clime some who have been as "firm for truth and brave for truth as those at Augs-burg were."

Charles heard the Prot-est-ant's creed, but said things must go on in the old way till he and the pope should make a change. Prince Jo-han of Sax-on-y and the Prince of Hes-se and more rose at this and left the room. They went off and made a league to stand up for their own faith.

Charles had a hard time with the Turks and the Prot-est-ants. The League would not help him if he did not let them hold their own creed and serve God in their own way. So he gave in at last and all went to his aid. The ships of the Moors had been the dread of all lands. They would sail near the coasts of Spain and It-a-ly and seize all the men they could find and take them off to keep as slaves till their friends sent large sums to set them free. Charles with his troops took Tun-is and set free a great host of Chris-tian slaves who were kept to work the soil or dig at the forts or ply the oar.

In all this strife Charles had at times found that he was short of funds. There was a rich man at Augs-burg by the name of Fug-ger who lent him large sums to fit out the troops. When Charles came to Augs-burg Fug-ger sent to beg that he would stop at his house. A fire burned on the hearth that sent out sweet smells from the heaps of rich spice and woods of great cost which were in a blaze there. The em-per-or said he had not seen a fire of

so much cost in his life. "It shall cost more still," said Fug-ger, as he threw in the blaze all the bonds for the sum due to him from Charles.

Lu-ther's health broke down at this time from the weight of work and care. He had days of great pain and his heart was sad at times, for he could not hope for peace for the Church. Yet most of the time he was of good cheer, for he knew he had done a great work. He had to go to Eis-le-ben, the place of his birth, to serve a friend. The day was cold and he felt it much. He made out to preach four times, and he wrote his wife words of cheer and love. But all took note that he spoke but of the life that is to come, as if he had no more part in this world. As night drew on all saw that he grew more weak from hour to hour. At times he would say a verse out of God's Word. One who stood by his bed said: "Dear friend, do you trust in Christ the Son of God, who came to save us from our sins?" Lu-ther said: "Yes," in a strong clear voice. Then he was seen to fold his hands and draw one deep sigh. His death was at two by the clock on the morn of February 17, 1546.

When it was known that Lu-ther was dead the grief was great. His friends bore the corpse to his home in Wit-ten-berg and all the way the bells in each church were heard to toll, and the folks from all

the places round came in crowds with loud cries and tears. The throng in the church at Wit-ten-berg was so great that it was two hours ere they could get the bier in its place. "Here," said one, "we strove to sing the psalm, 'Out of the depths I cry to thee,' but the words were more wept than sung." So Lu-ther was laid to rest. Years from that day, when some fierce men of the Church of Rome would have Charles dig up the corpse of Lu-ther and burn it, he said: "I wage no war on the dead!"

Charles V. could not find strong friends in the Ger-mans, for they knew he was a Span-iard, and they thought he was not one of them in heart. They found fault with him that he should want them to take his son Phil-ip, who was grave and cold, as heir to the throne and King of the Ro-mans. Fer-di-nand, who had won their love, had a son, Max-i-mil-i-an, who was bright and kind and a true Ger-man.

All his cares and wars had made Charles V. old, so he was glad to seize a chance to give up his crowns and spend his age in thought for his soul. At Augs-burg a peace was made by which all were left free to take what faith they chose, and the next year Charles laid down his crown and went in to one of the homes for monks. There he wore a monk's loose robe with a rope round

the waist, and told his beads and made his vows like the rest. He wrote oft to his son, and gave him his thoughts as to the best way to rule. Much of the time he would pray or read good books, or walk in the grounds near the house. He had great skill in some ways, and could take a watch in parts and set all its works in the right place. When he found that no two of his clocks would keep quite the same time, he said that it was just the same with the minds of men. He led this calm life till his death came in 1558.

CHAPTER XVI.

MAX II.

FER-DI-NAND I. was well known to Ger-man-y, and had hosts of friends there. He was true to his word, and that was a great thing for a prince in those days. He went so far that once when he had told a count that he should have a gift and the man went on to act in such a way that he ought not to have had it, Fer-di-nand still gave it to him, for he said he could not break his word.

The fierce old pope, Paul the IV., said that he would not own Fer-di-nand for em-per-or if he did

not give up the Peace of Augs-burg and burn the Prot-est-ants. This Fer-di-nand would not do, for he had been one of the chief ones who had made the peace. He thought that if the pope would give up some of the wrong things that crept in to the Church of Rome, all men would yet be brought back to it. He sent a band of priests who had been brought up in Spain and were known as Jes-u-its, out in the midst of the folks to teach them. It is said that they did bring back some of the Huss-ites to the Church.

At last both the pope and em-per-or sent out to call men of all creeds to meet and try once more if they could not join in the old faith and be one. The Prot-est-ants met in Sax-on-y, and the pope's bull was sent to them. Au-gust of Sax-on-y took the lead, and told the priest who had brought it that they could not take what the pope had sent, as he spoke to them as sons, and they would not own



FER-DI-NAND I.

that they were sons of the pope. They said more things that the priest did not like. "What mean ye by such words," he said, "to one who has come so far to serve the cause of Christ?" But they said they would hold fast to the Augs-burg rules of faith, let all go as it might.

The Coun-cil met at Trent and Fer-di-nand did all he could to get leave for priests to take wives, to stop the sale of those things that gave men leave to do crimes, and to have part of what was said in church in the tongue of the land of those who heard it, and to have new rules for the choice of a pope. The French, too, were glad to join with him in all this; but Spain and Italy would have no change. So there was a fierce war of words. Some rules were made that no more leave to do sin was to be sold, yet the Church of Rome would not yield a whit of the rest, and there was no hope that the Prot-est-ants would be brought back. For a time, to please the em-per-or, the pope did let the priests have wives, and there was a part of what was said in church read in Ger-man, and is so to this day. Fer-di-nand was a good man, and sought for peace first in all things. His son, Max-i-mil-i-an II., was the choice of all as King of the Ro-mans. But though they were good, the land was still in a sad state. Each pass in the rocks had some thief of a

lord who took toll of all who went by and ground down his own folks in the worst way. These lords knew naught but to drink and game and steal. They did not read or care to know more. They held in scorn all men of trade, but these last were well read and knew far more than they.

Fer-di-nand was old when he was made em-per-or and his death came in 1564.

Max-i-mil-i-an was a kind man and had a warm heart. He let the Lu-ther-ans have their own way so much that some said he was one of them. He could speak six tongues with ease and had read much, and his mien was full of the grace of courts. He made a good use of his time, and was on hand to hear the plea of the most mean of his folk. But he had not the strength to put down the wrongs that were rife in all parts of the land. It had grown to be the way of the men to go and hire out to fight. It was naught to them what the cause might be if they were well paid and could rob the foe. This took them from their right work and there were none left to till the ground. Such as came back would not keep laws or work, and were not fit for times of peace. Max-i-mil-i-an would have been glad to have made a law to keep Ger-mans at home and that they should not fight for strange lands.

No one of Max-i-mil-i-an's five sons were as bright

as he was. It was the mode in those days for kings to wed those near of kin, so the race grew more and more dull.

Max-i-mil-i-an kept from war in all parts but in Hun-gar-y. There the Turks were brought in to fight him and a great force went up the Dan-ube, for they meant to lay siege to Vi-en-na. But they had to stop to take a small town on the way. Here the Count Tri-ni with his few men held out in the most brave way. The place was in a bend of a stream and had strong walls, so that the Turks had to throw in earth to make roads and raise mounds on which they could plant their guns. When they had torn down part of these walls the brave men still held out, and drove them back a score of times ere they could gain at all. But at last Count Tri-ni saw that all hope was gone, and he took the keys of the place and with his sword in his hand went out at the head of his men. He had a hope that they might cut their way through their foes. He fell as he fought, and they drove his men back in the fort, and all save a few were slain. They were so brave that the Turks were struck by it. They had kept them at bay for a month, and in this way they had won peace for their whole land. For the camp of the Turks lay in a marsh that made them ill, and the sul-tan met

his death there. So they did not go on, and peace was made with the new sul-tan. Max-i-mil-i-an was so true a man that when a great league was made to fight the Turks he would not join in it, for he said that a Chris-tian should not break his oath.

Max-i-mil-i-an was the choice of the Poles as their king, and it was a wise choice, for he was so kind and good and such a friend to all that he was known by the name of "The Joy of the World."

Yet he was not strong in health, and his death came when he was not an old man. His sons were all more or less queer. There was Ernst, a good man, but so full of moods that he was ne'er seen to smile. There was one of their line who had not been sane, and it would seem that the taint was in the blood. The first born, Ro-dolf II., was the least sane of all, but he had been made King of the Ro-mans, and so came to the throne when Max-i-mil-i-an was dead. In his youth he was full of cheer and made his friends of men of all ranks. He had read much and spoke in more than one tongue. He was fond of rare plants and had his ground full of them, and he had too, a place where he brought strange beasts from all lands. He had a taste for rare gems, too, and all sorts of works of art. He brought to his court the two men who knew best how to read the stars in

that day. These were Ty-cho Brahe and Kep-ler. But Ro-dolf did not stop at this. He thought that the doom of man could be read in the stars, and



KEP-LER.

there were those who put faith in such things in his time. So when he was told that the stars said he would die by the hand of one of his own kin in the next race, he would not wed or let the rest of the sons of

Max-i-mil-i-an do so, and he grew so full of fear that he would not go out or see those who came to speak with him.

In the mean time the strife of the Ro-man Cath-olics with the Prot-est-ants went on in the land.

There was in one town a nome for the monks, and they had leave to stay there in peace if they did not march through the streets in crowds to keep their saints' days. For some years they had held to this rule, but in 1605 they went forth as of old one day to bless the crops, and sang chants as they went. The heads of the town would not let them go on at first. There was a sort of mob, and the next time they went in the streets, though it was to bear a dead man to the tomb, the mob set on them and drove them back. On this the ban of the em-pire was laid on the town, and the Duke of Ba-va-ri-a sent to give the chief church back to the Cath-o-lics. The Prot-est-ants did not like this, and they went to work to form a league, and then there was a Cath-o-lic league, too.

Ro-dolf's want of care for his realm led to sad loss for him. Hun-ga-ry and Aus-tri-a made him give them up to the next of his house, Mat-thi-as. He had but Bo-he-mi-a left, and he did his best to keep that. He sent out his word that the Huss-ites and Prot-est-ants should have just the same rights as the Cath-o-lics. But his folk soon found that they could not trust his word, so they, too, sent for Mat-thi-as. But they let Ro-dolf stay in his home at Prague, where he could peer at the stars and raise strange plants, and try to find the stone

that turns all to gold. He had a fear all the time that he would be slain. When there was a strange light in the sky he thought it came to warn him. He would not go out save to go to church. He grew more full of gloom each day. Yet when he found that death was near he grew bright and of good cheer, and said he had not felt so full of joy since he was a youth. He had come back to his home from a long trip in Spain. For now he said he would soon be where grief and change could not come. His death was in 1612.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RE-VOLT IN BO-HE-MI-A.

THE new em-per-or, Mat-thi-as, was a good man who sought to do what was right. He had no child, and the next heir was Fer-di-nand II., who had been bred up by the Jes-u-its and was cold, shy and grave. His land was Styr-i-a. He was not held in much love by the Prot-est-ants, and so when the Bo-he-mi-ans heard that Mat-thi-as had the wish to give the crown to him, it did not please them; but they did as they were bid. Fer-di-nand did not want to take the crown with the clause in the

law that gave Prot-est-ants the same rights as Cath-o-lics. But the Jes-u-its told him that while it might have been wrong to grant it, it could not be wrong to take it as part of the law of the land. So as he went in state to get his crown, he said: "I am glad to have won this crown, with no fears as to the right to take it."

Still he did not think that he was bound to do more than he was bound to, and he did his best to bring back Bo-he-mi-a to the Church. He would have none to teach school save those of the Church of Rome, and he built two homes for nuns and monks and three large Cath-o-lic schools.

But there was one man, Count Thurm, who was a strong Lu-ther-an, and had naught but hate for the House of Haps-burg. There were two men sent to rule in Bo-he-mi-a, and when they went so far as to pull a Lu-ther-an church down, Thurm made up his mind to root out the House of Haps-burg, and first to kill these two men.

So in May, 1618, a troop of Huss-ites and Lu-ther-ans made their way in to the hall where these men were. Some hot words were said on both sides. "Let us fling them out," said one of Thurm's men. There was a ditch on one side of the hall, deep down scores of feet. One of the men was heard to beg for a priest. "Give thy soul to

God," they said, "we will have no wretch of a Jes-u-it here." So they flung him out. Then came the next in turn. But they all fell on a heap of waste scraps that broke the fall, and they crept off with no hurt.

This was the first thing to start a long and fierce war that did not end for thrice ten years. It put a stop to all things good, and led to wild crimes of all sorts. The Huss-ites went in to it from fear for their faith, and they felt, too, that this king had been put on them by a cheat. They had the hope that those who did not like the House of Hapsburg would join them. So they wrote to all and did their best to raise all Bo-he-mi-a to fight Fer-di-nand.

Mat-thi-as had such good sense that he would have been glad to have made peace and to have won them back by kind means, and he had the wish to hold back Fer-di-nand. But he was ill in bed with the gout, and when he heard what had been done his wrath and grief were great.

Count Thurm was at the head of a great force at the time of the death of Mat-thi-as. The Bo-he-mi-ans would not have Fer-di-nand for their king, and took up a march to Vi-en-na. Fer-di-nand sent his wife and babes from him and a few men staid with him. But the most of the Aus-tri-ans would

not help him, for they thought they would make him sign a bond that would join them to Bo-he-mi-a. He fell on his knees to ask for aid to stand out firm for what he thought to be right and he thought he heard a voice which said: "Fear not, I will not leave thee."

The fire of the Bo-he-mi-ans was on his house and the balls fell on all sides. A score of Aus-tri-an men of rank came in and told him the town was lost, and if he did not sign he would be shut up in some fort and his babes bred up as Prot-est-ants. One lord was so rough that he shook him by the coat as he said: "Sign it—sign it."

But he did not lose his strength of will, and just then the blast of a trump was heard. It was a troop of Flem-ish horse that had come to his aid. They had made their way through a gate which Thurm did not guard and had come in time to save him.

The Bo-he-mi-ans went back, but met in Prague and chose Fried-rich, who was the E-lect-or Pal-a-tine and had wed E-liz-a-beth Stu-art, child of James I. of En-gland. He did not want to take the crown at first. He said: "If I do not take it, they will say I am not brave. If I do, they will say I wish to mount too high." James I. told him he need not count on En-gland's aid. But his wife thought he

ought to take it, and she would taunt him that he had wed the child of a king but had not the pluck to act as a king. So the poor man set off from his dear home in Hei-del-burg 'mid the tears of all his folk. He was met by those in Prague with great joy, and the crown set on his head. The dames sent E-liz-a-beth sacks of all kinds of cakes and gifts of all sorts. But Fried-rich held the creed of Cal-vin, which is more strict than that of Lu-ther, and the folk did not like this stern faith. They had kept much of the old Cath-o-lic forms and had the Cath-o-lic pray-ers read in the Church in their own tongue. He did not get on with Count Thurm, but gave the head of the troops to one of his own friends.

In the spring the Flem-ish troops went into the Rhine lands, and laid them waste. Max-i-mil-i-an of Ba-va-ri-a went in to Bo-he-mi-a at the head of a host, and Count Til-ly, the great chief of the Aus-tri-an troops, took up his camp on the White Hill near Prague.

Fried-rich had gone to dine with some En-glish guests, when he heard that his men were put to rout, and then he knew that all was lost. He got off with his wife and child, and found a home at last at Hague with the Dutch.

The Bo-he-mi-ans fell in to the hands of the Cath-

o-lic league, with Max-i-mil-i-an and Til-ly at their head. The whole land was laid waste and hosts of the poor folk slain. Not a Prot-est-ant church was left to them. The Cath-o-lics took all for their own, and priests were brought in to teach the folk, so that ere that reign came to an end it would have been hard to have found a trace of the creed of Huss or Lu-ther in Bo-he-mi-a.

- The ban of the em-pire was laid on Fried-rich. He was told that he might save what was left of his home if he would give up the name of King of Bo-he-mi-a. But this he would not do. Some of the Prot-est-ants stood out for him. His wife was young and full of charms, and there were some knights who fought for her cause. So the war went on to rage on the banks of the Rhine. Til-ly was a Hun-ga-ri-an of low birth, brave, but fierce and rude. He wore a green coat and a slouch hat with red plume when he went in to a fight, and he was like a brute to his men. This war was one of the worst known. The troops were made up of men who had been brought up to fight from their youth up, and would hire out for pay, and for what they could steal from the foe. They had no cause at heart, and did not feel for man, wife or child. Those who led them did not care what they did, so they fought well.

Their hope was to wear out the land through which they went.

Fer-di-nand at this time made a call for more troops, and a new man came to his help known as Wal-len-stein. He was a Bo-he-mi-an of rank and a Cath-o-lic, but he had more faith in the stars than in aught else, and could be led by a star. He had great wealth, and he came to the em-per-or and said he would raise troops and make them gain their food, not by theft, but by a tax on the lands they went through.



WAL-LEN-STEIN.

So Wal-len-stein was put in charge and he won great fame, and they gave him new rank and all sorts of fine names. He grew proud, for his state, and fame, and wealth were more than that of a prince. He had laid siege to a free town, and the Cath-o-lic league sought to make the em-per-or send him from the court. They said if he did not they would not vote for his son as King of the Ro-mans. Wal-len-stein went to his grand house on his own lands, where he had scores of men to wait on him. His board was set each meal for scores of folks, and when he made a trip he had long trains of goods with him. He did not like noise, so when

he was in Prague he would have chains put on the streets near him, so that no cart or horse could go by. He had a room where he spent



TIL-LY'S EN-TRY IN-TO MAG-DE-BURG.

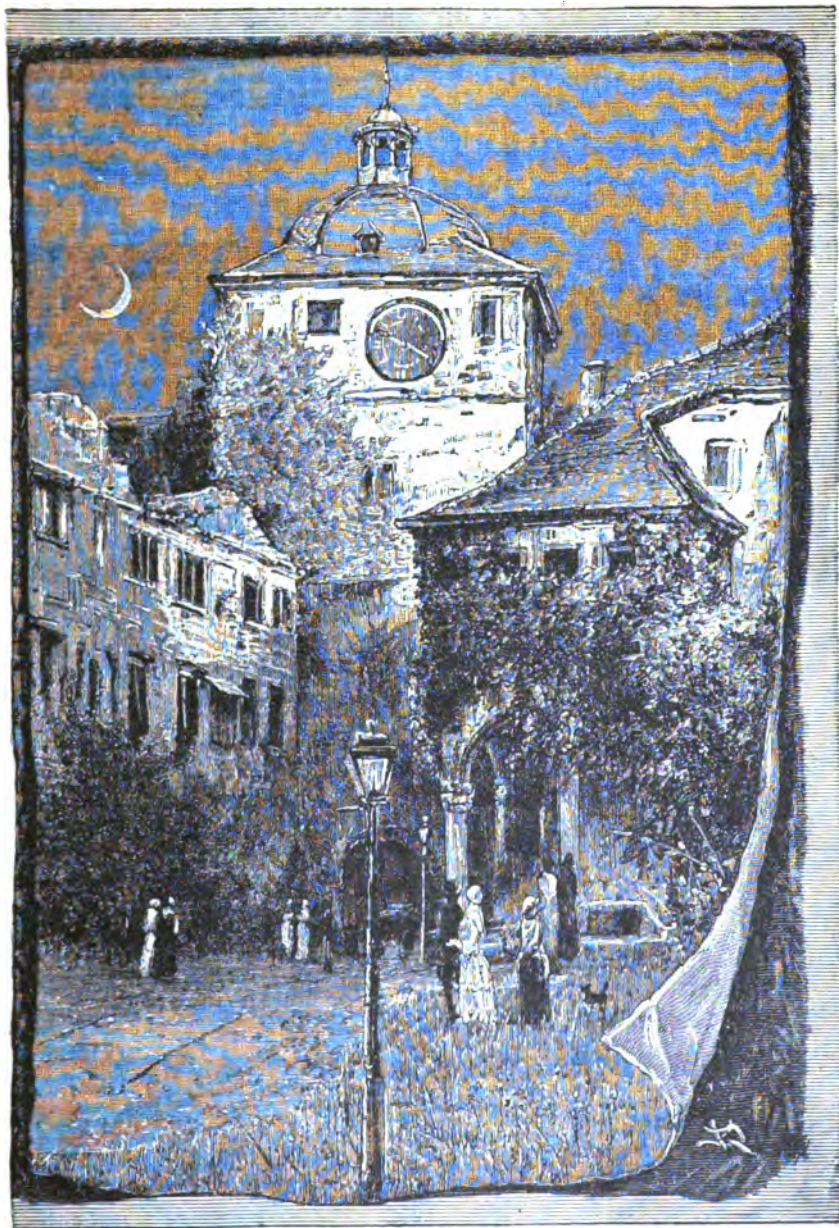
much of his time in a watch of the stars. He was blunt, short in his way and proud, but he could bind men's hearts to him.

Fer-di-nand, when he found that his side had

won once more said that all the Prot-est-ant lands must go back to the Church.

Gus-taf A-dolf, King of Swe-den, took up the cause of the Prot-est-ants. He was one of the best men of his age, and one who did all he could to serve God. He kept his troops in strict rule and would not let them steal. He fed them well and gave them good clothes, and he had men to read and pray with them and teach them. All men saw how well his troops were kept, but the Cath-o-lics said he was the snow king and would melt as he got south. Til-ly went out to meet him.

The free town of Mag-de-burg was Prot-est-ant. Til-ly laid siege to it and took it ere Gus-taf could come and save it. This was the worst sack of a town that man had e'er known. The troops drank, set fire, and stole more like fiends than like men. The fire drove them out at last, and of a great town full of folk there were but a few men left. This was a great shock to all Ger-man-y. Those who were in doubt now made haste to range their name on the side of Gus-taf, and he had a great fight with Til-ly at Leip-sic and put him to rout. This was the first time that Til-ly had lost. Gus-taf made his way south, and near Ba-var-i-a met Til-ly once more, and once more won. Til-ly was slain. Gus-taf would have let Fried-rich go back to Hei-del-berg



EN-CHANT-ING HEI-DEL-BERG.

if he would have let the Lu-ther-ans have the same rights as the Cal-vin-ists, but this he would not do. Three months from this time Fried-rich drew his last breath.

All the free towns were on the side of Gus-taf and he was met with joy. He kept on his march in to Ba-var-i-a. At Mun-ich when the men would have kneeled to him he bade them rise, and said: "Kneel to God, not man." He would not let his men take a thing from the foe, and left all as he found it. But he took the guns which were found hid in the ground. This great and good man fell in the fight at Lut-zen. A stone, known as the "Stone of the Swede," marks the spot where he fell. He was one of the best men of his time. The young Duke of Saxe Wei-mer, a brave and good young man, took his place with the troops, but he could not rule them, and soon they were as great a scourge as the rest.

Wal-len-stein had grown so proud that he did as he chose and would not heed em-per-or or e-lect-ors. He made all his chief men sign a bond that they would stand fast by him at all times. Some who put their names to it sent word to the em-per-or and then left him. He then strove to make terms with the Prot-est-ants and said he would give up the town of E-gra to them.

This would have been done, but six of his guard made up their minds to stop this deed by his death. Just as he had gone to bed they broke in to his rooms. As he met them at the door he was slain at once, 25th of Feb-ru-a-ry, 1634.

The strife went on, and in the midst of it came the death of Fer-di-nand. He was a good man in his way and kind to the poor, but too much the slave of Jes-u-it priests. He would serve the poor and sick with his own hands, and his Cath-o-lic folk had great love for him.

His son, Fer-di-nand III., was like him. He came to the throne in the midst of the long war. Bern-hard, who led the troops, was worn out by care and grief, and had grown ill. On his sick bed he heard that the foe had set on his camp, and he rose, got on his horse and drove them back. But his heart was sick at the fierce deeds of the men, who would heed no rules. His death was in 1639.

The war did end at last in Prague, where it had made the first start. Ger-man-y was worn out. It had but half the men that were in it at the first of the war. Towns were laid waste, trade was gone, and all was in a sad state. Peace had to be made. They gave France El-sass, and Pom-er-a-ni-a to Swe-den.

In their creeds, each prince might force what faith
he chose on his own folk, and those who held with



PRAGUE.

Cal-vin should have the same rights as those who
held with Lu-ther. Though the terms of this peace

did not please all they were glad to take it, for they were worn out with war. The em-per-or met his death in a strange way. He was in his room weak and ill, when the nurse made a rush in with his babe in its crib and said the child's room was on fire. In her fright she gave the crib a knock against the wall which broke it, and the child fell out. The shock to the king was so great that he did not live but an hour. The child's death from the fall came in a few months.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MORE WARS.

LE-O-POLD, the son of Fer-di-nand III., was the next choice. He had been brought up for a priest, for he was not the first-born son. He was a good man and just, but not wise or strong, or born to do great things, though he could do some small things quite well.

He had a hard time with Lou-is the XIV. of France, who was on the watch all the time to get what he could from Ger-man-y. He took the free ci-ty of Stras-burg when its folk were off to a great fair, and kept it by bribes to the chief men. Ger-

man-y was in a rage and would have made a league to get it back, but the em-per-or had made foes on all sides. He had been harsh to Hun-gar-y and sent some of the good men whose work it was to preach to the Prot-est-ants as slaves to Na-ples. Prince Eu-gene had come to his aid. He had found the French court too stiff for him, and had run off to fight the Turks. Some notes he left had been read, and the king knew that he made game of him, so would not let him come back. Eu-gene staid to serve the em-per-or. But the Turks were too strong for them, and laid siege to Vi-en-na, so that the folk had to eat dogs and rats and cats.

There was no hope for Aus-tri-a then but in Po-land, for they had a great man for their king, John So-bies-ki. He made haste to raise troops to come to the aid of Aus-tri-a. The Turks were worn out with the siege, and would cry out: "Oh ye men of no faith, if ye will not come, let us at least see your crests on the hills, for then the siege will be done and we shall be free."

To keep them in a good mood their chief let them fight. The Aus-tri-ans beat them off, but the walls bore such marks of the fray that the folk thought their doom was come. On what they thought their last night one of their chiefs sent up fire-works from the high roof of a church. Lo,

they saw more fire-works blaze up in to the sky from a hill near. Then they knew help was at hand, and they sent one to swim the Dan-ube by night and bear to the Duke of Lor-raine these words: "No time to be lost." Lor-raine and So-bies-ki took their troops and rushed down the hills on the foe. When the Turks saw that all hope was in vain, they slew all the men in their hands, and all their own wives and maids that they could not take with them. But they left the babes, and there were scores of these poor things brought up by the Chris-tians. As So-bies-ki rode in to Vi-en-na the folk came in a throng to kiss his horse and his sword. Le-o-pold was too proud to owe so much to a strange king. He took a light in his hand and went to the church to pray. He would not see So-bies-ki until he had made up his mind how to do it. When they met Le-o-pold said a few cold words and the Pol-ish troops did not like it. He would not let the Pol-ish sick be brought in the town nor their dead laid in the church yard. But So-bies-ki kept on and drove the Turks far back and took from them the town of Grau, which they had held for long years.

The em-per-or held Hun-gar-y to blame for all this woe, so he sent a fierce man there to act as judge. This man sent out men to bring in all who were thought not to wish well to the House of Aus-tri-a.

These were put to death for the least cause. Then he took from the Hun-ga-ri-ans their right to have a king of their own, and sent his own son, a boy of ten years old, to have the crown set on his head.

In 1605 there came the death of Karl, who had the lands on the Rhine, and as he left no heir,



SLEIGH-ING IN THE 17TH CEN-TU-RY.

Lou-is XIV. sought once more to gain a bit of Ger-man-y. He laid claim to some of the Rhine forts, which would have let France in to the heart of the land. When this claim was not heard he sent

troops in to the land. They were told to lay waste all they could not keep. It was in the cold time, and the poor folks in each town were told they must get out of their homes in three days.

Wurms and Manheim were burnt, the tombs of the German emperors broke in to, and the grand old fort at Heidelberg was blown up. On Sobieski's death,

August, Elector of Saxony, who had a wish to be King of Poland, thought he could gain it if he



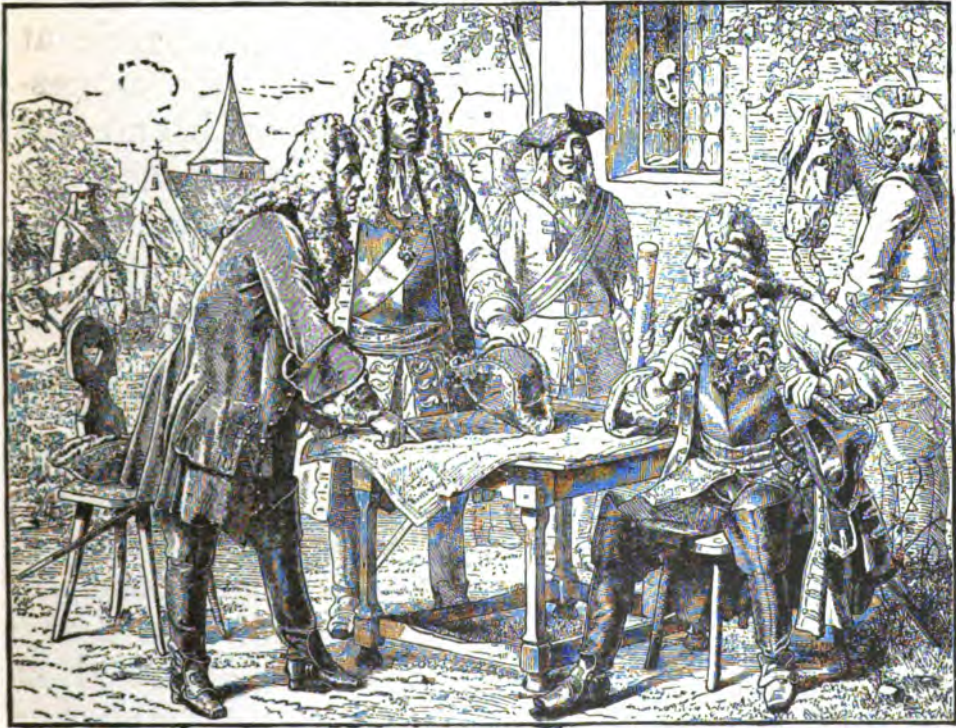
HAM-BURGH MARKET WO-MAN.

would join the Church of Rome. He was a man of such great strength that he could twist a horse shoe in what shape he chose, but he was a bad man. His feasts and bouts led to great waste of the funds of the realm, and his vice of all kinds was known.

There was a new war that all saw must come at this time. It is known as the war of the Succession. Carlos II. of Spain was near death and had no heir. Louis XIV. would have laid claim to this throne for his son, for his wife had been a Spanish princess, but the rest of Europe said France was much too strong as it was. So there was young Ferdinand of Bavaria, who was the son, too, of a Spanish princess. Carlos made a will and left the throne to Ferdinand, but the boy was not let live to take it. He was put out of the way. Then Carlos left it to Philip, Duke of Anjou, who was the son of the son of Louis XIV., and he at once set off to take it. The emperor set out to fight for it, and sent Prince Eugene, who was the best man he had, to lead his troops. He was a small lean man and wore a blue suit and a great hat, and he was brave and just and full of skill.

The Arch-duke Karl, the German heir, went out to try his luck in Spain, but was so proud and dull that he had to keep out of the way and the French made out to gain ground.

In the mean time Max-i-mil-i-an of Ba-var-i-a brought in French troops to go in to the Aus-tri-an Ty-rol, for which they had long had a wish. But the folk of Ty-rol were true to their em-per-or and



MARL-BOR-OUGH AND EU-GENE.

drove them out with great loss. Eu-gene came back from It-a-ly and the great Duke of Marl-bor-ough came from Hol-land to his help. These two grew to be great friends and they put the French to rout at Blen-heim 13th day of Aug-ust, 1701.

Le-o-pold's death came just as he saw the tide turn and his great foe Lou-is lost ground. His death was on 5th of May, 1705. He had the name of "Thick Lips," as one of his lips was thick. He was in some ways like the Em-per-or Ro-dolf, as he was fond of books, but he was so shy that some of his men scarce knew him by sight.

One of his own knights who had not been oft at the court met a small dark man in one of the halls and said: "Where's the Kai-ser?" "That am I," said Le-o-pold in a hoarse voice.

CHAPTER XIX.

PRINCE EU-GENE.

JO-SEPH THE FIRST was a man of good sense and strong mind. He had a fine face, was fair, with blue eyes, and knew much of art and the lore of the day. He was much more free of speech than Le-o-pold. He did not care for praise and would not let men read birth day odes to him. He gave the Prot-est-ants back some of their rights and would not let the priests rail at them. His chief friend was Prince Eu-gene.

He found war on all sides. The war for the

Span-ish Suc-ces-sion still went on. Eu-gene at last brought France to beg for peace, but Jo-seph would not hear to it if they would not help to drive out of Spain the French heir to the throne. This they thought too much to ask, so the war went on. Eu-gene and the Duke of Marl-bor-ough laid siege to Lille. It was a strong place and had a brave man to keep it, Mar-shal Bouf-flers. Twice he beat back the foe and once Eu-gene was struck on the head and they thought he was slain. At last Bouf-flers gave up the town and went in to the fort with the hope that aid would be sent him. But the French would not try a fight just then. There was a note sent to him to say he had leave to yield. This note had to go through the Aus-tri-an troops, and Eu-gene sent it to Bouf-flers and said he had made a brave fight and might yield on his own terms. Bouf-flers did what he thought fair, and then sent to ask Eu-gene to dine with him. Eu-gene said he would if they would give him one of their siege meals. He went, and the first course was of horse flesh, which the cook had made out to dress in four or five ways.

The French lost in the next fight too, and Eu-gene had a wound in the knee but he would not leave the field. He said if he should live till night there would be time to dress his wounds then.

But at this time there came a sore blow for German-y. Jo-seph I. caught the small-pox. As it was the mode at that time to roll one up in yards on yards of red cloth and keep all air out of the room, it is not strange that he did not live. His death was in April, 1711. He left no male heir, so the crown went to the next in line, Karl. The war still went on and the small courts of German-y were in a sad state. Au-gust of Sax-on-y was the worst prince of all. It was the style to ape all the vice and waste of the Court of France, to look on the Ger-man tongue as fit for boors, and French the tongue for courts.

The En-glish at this time drew off their troops, so that Karl could not keep Spain. He did try to stir up the Ger-mans to get back from the French what they had made out to seize, but no one would move, so he had to make peace. This peace is known as the Peace of U-trecht. The court of Fried-rich Wil-helm of Prus-sia at this time was known as the best. He was a rough plain man, with no more grace or taste than the most poor of his men. He did not care for aught but his troops, and had one set of men more than six feet high who were his pets. He would sit and smoke pipes and drink beer while all the calls of state went on. His hate for the French was so great that he thought

all fine dress or grace of mien was a sin, as the styles came from France. He was like a brute to his wife and son. The youth had a great love for all that was French, and the king was so harsh to him that he fled with his friend Liene Katt. The king sent and took them both, and Katt was shot. The young Fried-rich had to stand and see his friend's death. Then he was thrown in jail and kept there for a long time. But one day the king brought him out and put him at the back of the queen's chair while she was at a game of cards.

Eu-gene, in the mean time, went on with his fight with the Turks and won as he went, till at last he laid siege to Bel-grade. The Turks came to help it in hosts, and Eu-gene lay 'ill in his tent. But in the night of the 1st of Au-gust he rose and fought a grand fight, which gave him Bel-grade. Then he could place guards the whole length of the Dan-u-be to keep watch on the Turks.

Eu-gene's life was a long one, and when the wars were done he made his home in Vi-en-na and spent his time in good deeds. All his men were glad to serve him and grew old with him. All were full of grief when death took him in 1719. He was the one man who did not cheat the troops. When he was gone the want of rule was more and more felt. The troops had bad clothes, bad food and poor arms.

Faith and truth were not known. The em-per-or was the prey of all men. There was waste in the court and want in the town. The wine in use at the court to dip the bread in to feed the pet birds of the em-press was two hogs-heads a day, and twelve bar-rels for her baths, to say naught of what was drunk. All this time the states of Aus-tri-a were in want and woe. Karl's death came in 1740. He was the last male heir of the House of Haps-burg.

CHAPTER XX.

MA-RI-A THE-RE-SA.

FRIED-RICH II. of Prus-sia wrote to Ma-ri-a The-re-sa, who was the first born child of Karl, that he would help her to claim the throne, but his real aim was to get what he could for his own. He made a dash in to Si-le-sia and sent word to Ma-ri-a The-re-sa that he would vote for her if she would give up that place to him. But Ma-ri-a The-re-sa was brave and would not bear this. She sent her troops out to fight him, at Moll-witz, but Fried-rich won the day.

When the e-lect-ors met they chose Karl of Ba-va-ri-a em-per-or, but the brave young queen, Ma-ri-a



QUEEN THERESA AND THE YOUNG KING.

The-re-sa would not yield. They drove her from town to town, but she had made up her mind not to give up one jot of the realm she thought her own. Her chief hope was in Hun-ga-ry, and she went there for the crown. She wore robes of deep black for her sire, Jo-seph I., but they were set with gems. The crown of St. Ste-phen was set on her head, her fair hair fell in rich curls on her neck, her sword was girt to her waist and her young son Jo-seph was in her arms. She made her speech in La-tin, which was the state tongue of Hun-ga-ry, and the hearts of all those brave men felt a thrill as they heard it. The swords of all were drawn, and with one cry the shout went up: "We will die for our king, Ma-ri-a The-re-sa!" Then she put on the breast-plate, got on a steed and went up to the Mount of Kings to wave her sword to the four parts of the world, as was the mode for kings to do there. This meant a sort of call on all the world to own her claim or come and try to take it from her. Fried-rich still let her know that he would join her if she would give up the whole of Si-le-sia to him, and when he had won one more fight, she had to give in with great grief. She made peace with the King of Ba-var-i-a, too.

Prague was still held by the French. Charles of Lor-raine had laid siege to it, and he thought all the

troops would fall in to his hands, but it was in the time of frost and cold, and he could not keep a strict watch. So the chief of the French troops made his way out by night with most of his men and food to last for twelve days. He left none but the sick and those who had the care of them in the fort. The cold was so great that a host of his men froze by the way, and the Bo-he-mi-ans found the roads full of the dead men. Still the flags and arms were left. When the guard was told he must yield, he said he must march out with the flags and arms or he would set fire to the town and die in it. They let him go out as he would. Ma-ri-a The-re-sa gave a feast to show her joy. It was as much like a Greek race in the old style as she could get it. Then on 12th of May, 1743, she was made Queen of Bo-he-mi-a. She made a good queen, and set things to rights with great skill and sense.

The war with France still went on, and the Austrians and English, with George the II. at their head, put the French to rout at Det-tin-gen. The folks went wild with joy when they heard of it. The queen was out on the Dan-ube when the news came, and the bank was full for nine miles of those who came out in their joy to shout for her.

When Karl VII. was dead, Franz of Lor-raine, to whom Ma-ri-a The-re-sa was wed, was made em-

per-or. She was known from that time as the Empress Queen. She had great love for him, but she let him have naught with her own realm by birth right.

There was a great man at the head of the French troops at this time, Mar-shal Saxe, and he won so much that Ma-ri-a The-re-sa made peace, and all had rest for eight years.

In the mean time Fried-rich of Prus-sia did his best to work up his realm to be one of the first in Eu-rope. He was a man of clear mind and far sight. He had great works done for the land and in trade. He had been brought up in a rude, harsh way, that had made him hard. Those were the days when the French books were full of sneers at all faith, and he had a great love for all things French, so he did not hold the true faith, and he sent for Vol-taire, one of those who wrote the worst books, to come and live at his court. Fried-rich thought at first that naught was too good for this guest, but each was too vain to be friends long. Vol-taire thought he could mix up with state rule and Fried-rich thought he could write verse. Each made game of each on the sly, and there were folks to tell tales, you may be sure. Vol-taire would say when Fried-rich sent him verses to read that he might note the faults: "Here is more clothes to

wash," and Fried-rich is said to have made the speech that he kept Vol-taire like fruit—but to squeeze out the juice, and then he would throw him out. So the two friends came to hot words, and Vol-taire left the court. They sent to stop him, on the plea that he had some of the king's verse in his box. But they set him free, and the two made up in time, though they did not meet more in this world.

Fried-rich soon made plain that he had a right to the name of the Great. He made Prus-sia one of the five great States of the world. Ma-ri-a The-re-sa felt a fear of his great skill, and so did France. So the queen laid by her old hate of France and made a league that they should join and try to tame the pride of Prus-sia. The Em-press of Rus-sia and the King of Sax-on-y and Po-land were to lend their aid. Fried-rich made friends with En-gland, and sent word to Ma-ri-a The-re-sa to know if there was to be peace or war. When he heard he made a dash on Sax-on-y, and that was the first of what is known as the "Sev-en Years' War." He won the day and made a bold push on to Dres-den. There he sent to ask for the king's notes and briefs, for he knew he should find proofs of the league in them. But the queen made a brave stand and stood in front of the box and

then sat on it. She had to give up at last. They let her join the king in Po-land, where it is said she came to her death through grief at the woes of her land.

From thence he took up a march in to Bo-he-mi-a, and fought a great fight with Charles of Lor-raine, which went on for near twelve hours. He won this fight, as he had done the rest, and then laid siege to Prague, but here he met with a large force of Aus-tri-ans, and they beat him back. Still he went on in the midst of his foes. He had made up his mind that he would die ere he would give up, and he had with him at all times a small flask of a drug that would end his life if the worst came. Yet all the time his skill was the same, and he kept up his short dry jokes. At last he won in a fight with the French at Ross-bach, and then he beat the Aus-tri-ans at Leu-then. The next year, 1758, he won the fight with the Rus-sians at Zorn-dorf.

The bat-tle of Min-den was fought to keep Han-over from the French. Fried-rich went on to Dres-den, but the Aus-tri-ans were at his heels, and they took Ber-lin and ran through Prus-sia. A fierce fight was fought by Fried-rich at Tor-gau in Sax-on-y, where he was struck with a spent ball. They took him to the church and he lay all night on the floor there in great pain. His pain of mind



FRIED-RICH THE GREAT.

was great, too, for he thought all was lost ; but the light of day made plain the fact that the Aus-tri-ans had fled and the field was strewn with heaps of slain.

Tor-gau was the last fight of the "Seven Years' War." All were worn out, and Ma-ri-a The-re-sa saw that all the league in one could not crush Prussia. If it fell for a time it rose more fierce to fight and more sure to win. So a peace was made. There had been naught of good brought out of this long sad war, and 640,000 men had been slain. Two years from the time peace was made Ma-ri-a The-re-sa lost the good man who had won her heart and made her his wife. Her name for him had been her heart's joy. She felt great grief at his death and let no one else sew on his shroud. All her life she was wont to go and pray and spend hours in the vault where he was laid. Fried-ric the Great spent his last years in peace. He saw, ere his death, the U-ni-ted States made free of En-gland, and he sent a sword to Wash-ing-ton. To the last he would have the folk come to see him and tell him of their wrongs. His court was plain, and so was his dress when he took his walks through the streets of Ber-lin. He would talk to those he met, and now and then use his cane on those whom he thought should be at work. One day

he saw a group of school boys and said to them in his rough way: "Boys, what do you here? Be off to your school." One of the most bold said: "O you are king, are you, and do not know there is no school this day?" The king made haste to drop his cane and give them some coin with a laugh.

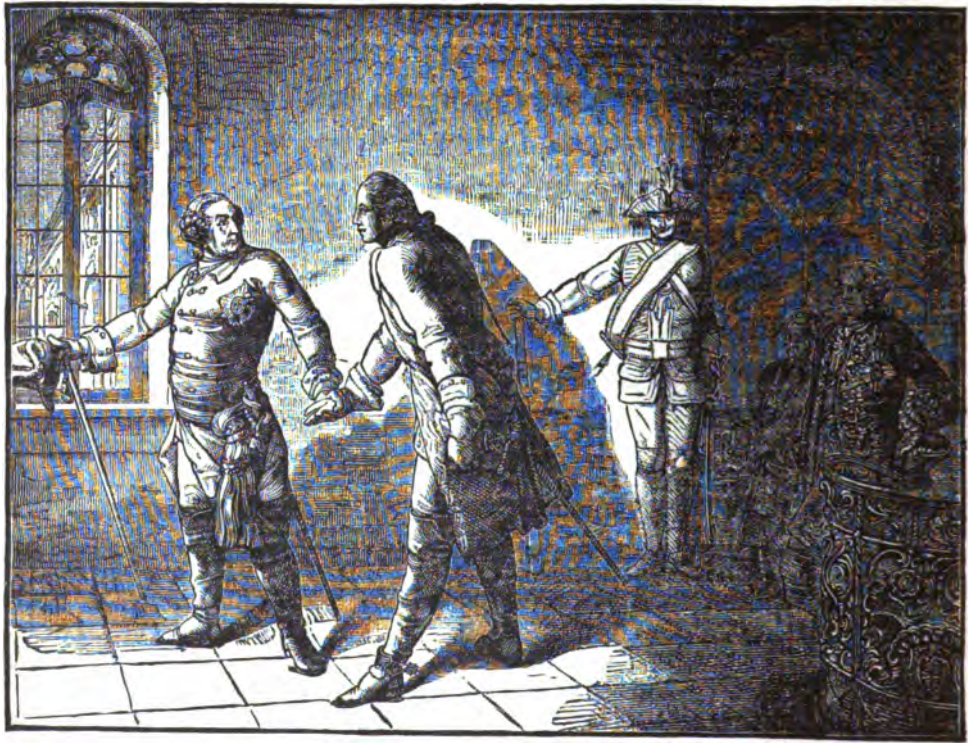
CHAPTER XXI.

JO-SEPH II.

THE first-born son of Ma-ri-a The-re-sa and Franz I. was made em-per-or, by the name of Jo-seph II. Ger-man-y at this time was made up of States, some large, but some quite small.

Fried-rich of Prus-sia did the best he could for his land so spent with war. He gave those who had lost the most gifts of gold and corn; he set them to work to drain marsh lands, and to do all sorts of work for the good of the land. For this end he had to put a tax on salt and things most in use. The folk did not like this, but Fried-rich said they might say what they would if they did as he said. He was just, and let Prot-est-ant and Cath-o-lic have their rights, but he had no faith. Jo-seph II. thought some of his ways were so good

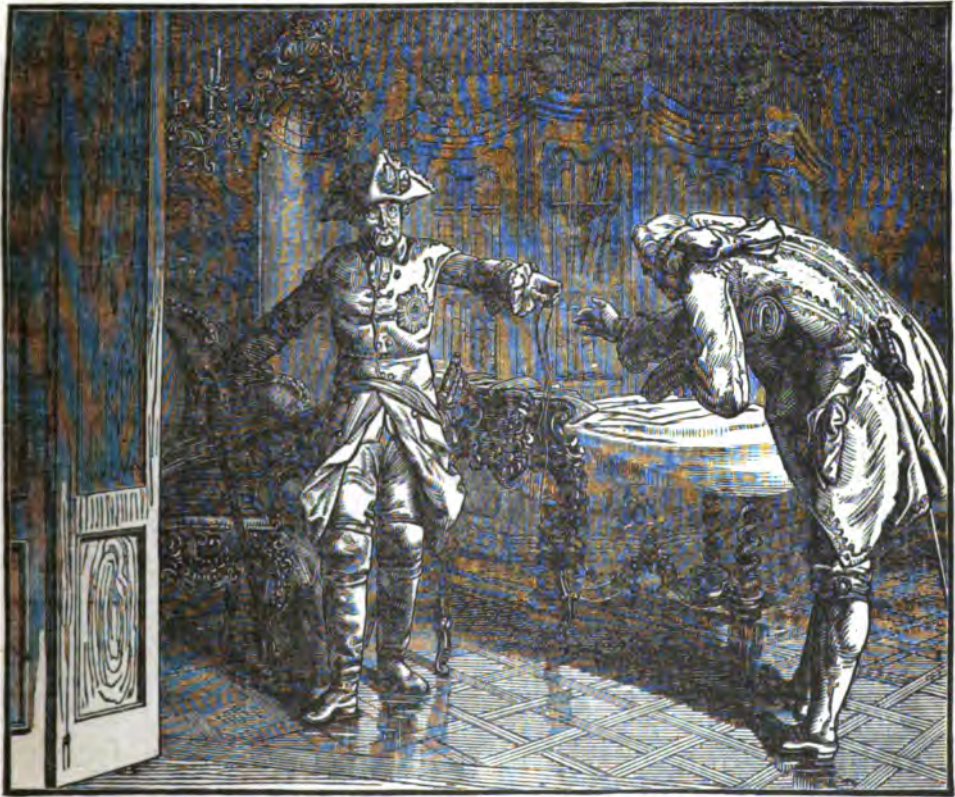
that he would have brought them in-to Aus-tri-a, but the em-press queen would not hear of them. When her son sought to pull down the walls that shut Vi-en-na in she said: "I am old. I have seen



JO-SEPH II. AND FRIED-RICH THE GREAT.

Vi-en-na in great straits. Twice have I seen the Turk lay siege to it. Let Jo-seph do as he likes when I am dead. While I live let all stand." Jo-seph had such a wish to know Fried-rich that he

went to see him, and the two were great friends. Jo-seph spoke to him as one far up the heights of king and state craft, and Fried-rich in his turn had



FRIED-RICH THE GREAT AND THE MIN-IS-TER OF JO-SEPH II.

his rooms full of prints of the young king, as he said he was "a young man of whom I can not see too much." Jo-seph's head was full of free thought, too, and he had no faith in God. So he went in

to all the bold schemes of Fried-rich and that bad Cath-a-rine of Rus-sia. One of these was that they three should seize on poor Po-land and share it. The em-press queen did not like this bad scheme, and wrote: "I have not been so sad, nay, not in the days when I had scarce a place to lay my head."

But she was old, and spite of all she could do or say, her son and his chief friend, Kau-nitz, had their way. The Poles were too weak and too full of their own small strifes to stand out, so the plan went through, but not all at once.

In 1777 came the death of Max-i-mil-i-an, King of Ba-va-ri-a, and Jo-seph II. set up a claim to that land, which was not just, and the true heir gave up to him in a fright. But Fried-rich of Prus-sia took up his cause and peace was made.

Jo-seph then set out to see the Em-press of Rus-sia. He chose to ride on and leave his suite far in the rear. He chose to pass for the man sent on to put things in right shape for those who were to come with the king, to see to their place in the inn. He would dine like a poor man, and talk with the folks. Thus he found out how to do more than one kind act. Once he stood for a new born child in a poor hut, and the poor folk were in great awe when he came to the small feast they had spread in his robes of state as em-

per-or. One night he found one of the men who had a place of rank in his troops. He had ten young ones of his own, but in the warmth of his heart he had brought in a poor waif and kept it as best he could. The em-per-or sent him the next day a deed by which each child would have a good sum each year.

When Jo-seph went back to his home he found the em-press, Ma-ri-a The-re-sa, at the point of death. It had been her joy to love and work for her folks, and the fear of God had been the rule of her life. Her death left Jo-seph free to work out all his own plans. He sought to sweep out all the old creeds and ways, which he thought worn out and of no use. Love for the em-press who was gone kept the folk from war with him, but they did not like so much change. He would not let the priests o-bey the pope. He broke up all the homes of the nuns and monks save where there were schools; he took the saints out of each church, and would not let the folk go and see the pope when he came to Vi-en-na. He had a wall put at the back of the house where the pope was, so that no one could get in on the sly.

Fried-rich of Prus-sia by this time had grown so ill that he could not ride, walk, or lie down. He would still do all the work he could, and have the

books of the day read to him, or play with his dogs, the things for which he had the most love. He went so far as to ask that his grave might be made in the midst of these pets. His death was in 1786.

Jo-seph had not strength or skill to work out all he sought to do. He found men in rage and grief at his work. He said his heart must be of stone not to break when he found that while he meant to do good, he had done harm and made foes of those who had been such firm friends of the em-press. He went to the help of Rus-sia with the Turks, but lost his men in the marsh lands of the Dan-ube and came home ill to Vi-en-na. Bad news came to him on all sides, which made him worse. He said : "They should write on my tomb, 'Here lies one who meant the best for his realm, but could not bring it to pass.'"

And if it is true that hearts can break, that was the cause of his death in 1790.

Le-o-pold II., the next son of Ma-ri-a The-re-sa, came to his throne in the midst of sad times. Hun-ga-ry was in a state of war, for they said Jo-seph II. had not kept their laws, and now they would choose their own king. The Neth-er-lands, too, had set up a free State. Le-o-pold did not dare to go too far, for he saw in France the fruit of the faults of kings.

Ma-rie An-toin-ette was a child of Ma-ri-a The-re-sa and so near to him by blood, yet he could do naught to save her from the blind rage of a mob. The lords and men of rank fled from France to Ger-man-y, as this land was not hard to reach, and there came, too, a worse stamp of men who led low lives and taught all sorts of French ways and vice to the folk.

But Le-o-pold did his best to give his land peace. The war with the Turks was brought to an end, and he sought to bring back the old ways. He was kind, and won the love of all save the Hun-ga-ri-ans who were still foes. They sent to him to ask things that he could not grant, but he said he would rule them in the same way as Ma-ri-a The-re-sa had done. With this they had to rest, and he went to Pres-burg to have the crown of St. Ste-phen put on his head, and took his five sons with him. The Hun-ga-ri-ans met him with much warmth, and all went off well. They chose his fourth son, Le-o-pold, to act as their palatine and to place the crown on the head of the king.

He then thought he could aid the King and Queen of France, and sent them word that he meant to help them with deeds, not words, and would get Prus-sia and Spain to go with him. This was the worst thing he could have done, for it made

the folk of France hate their poor king and queen all the more.

Le-o-pold found it was not a light thing to go to war with the French. The En-glish would not take up arms, and his friends said he would lose the Neth-er-lands, for the French had their eye on them and would take the first chance to get them. They told him to be friends with France was the best way to help Ma-rie An-toin-ette. So Le-o-pold gave up the thought of war, and had the new flag of the Rev-o-lu-tion set up at Vi-en-na

But there was no use for him to try and be at peace with France just then, for the French folk thought all kings were mere wolves, and then, too, they were glad of a chance to seize the Neth-er-lands. So it had to be war; but Le-o-pold fell ill, and death took him out of all the woes of the times. His death was in 1792, and his queen did not live but three months from that time.

Franz II. came to the throne just as the war broke out. The Prus-sians, with their king, had set up a march in to France. They took two or three towns, but did not go on to Par-is and take it by storm, as they might have done. They sent out a call to the French to give up their mad Rev-o-lu-tion, and made a threat that they would not leave one stone of Par-is in its place if they should so

much as dare to touch a hair of the heads of the king and queen.

This put the whole French folk in a rage. They made a rush in flocks to join their troops, and ill fed as they were they drove back the Prus-sians. At the same time the Par-is mob in their rage and fright put to death all those who were for the king in the jails, lest they should join their friends on the out side. The Aus-tri-ans, too, had to fly, and the Neth-er-lands, which had a hate for Aus-tri-an rule, rose and said they would be free and go with France. The French went on to try their king, and he was said to be false to his land, for he had brought the foe in on them; so they cut off his head. All Eu-rope was in a rage, but the French met this news in a fierce way, and said they could fight all the states at once. And it did seem as if they could, for they won all the fights. Then Prus-sia had to leave, for the folk of Po-land, who had seen what the French had won, rose with the hope that they, too, might get free. Prus-sia had to call in Rus-sia to put down this, and the three thieves, Prus-sia, Rus-sia and Aus-tri-a, had so much strife in this that they had to make a peace with France in 1795.

Then the French troops, with Na-po-le-on at their head, went on to cross the Alps to try and take

the lands in It-a-ly that were held by Aus-tri-a. They won all in their way. The Ger-mans were brave, but they fought in the old ways and by the old rules of war, while the French were quick and full of new moves, so they drove them back on all sides. The em-per-or sent his babes to Hun-ga-ry, and Vi-en-na put all to rights for a siege.

But Na-po-le-on at this point found that he was short of men and could get no more. So he made a peace, but Aus-tri-a had to give up the Neth-er-lands and all the lands she had held in the north of It-a-ly.

There was a short calm while Na-po-le-on went off to E-gypt. At this time came the death of Fried-rich Wil-helm of Prus-sia. He left his land in a poor state, for he had spent all that the kings had laid up who had the throne ere his reign.

The French had not kept good faith with the Aus-tri-ans, and these last thought their best chief and troops would be lost in the war with E-gypt, so that there might be now a chance to win back the lands which had been lost to them. So they made a league with En-gland and Rus-sia to make a new war on France. Na-po-le-on came back from E-gypt in haste, fought the great fight of Ma-ren-go, and put the Aus-tri-ans to rout.

The French made a march on Ba-va-ri-a, and

there was a fight in the woods of Ho-hen-lin-den. Count Jo-han, who sought to take the French while they slept, fought in a brave way. We know how "the drums beat at dead of night," and how the fires of death lit the dark scene. There was a snow storm, and the troops fought in the midst of such thick snow that they could not see aught but the flash of their fire. The white snow grew red with blood. France won the day, and Austria had to give up all the lands on the French side of the Rhine. In



GOE-THE AND SCHIL-LER MON-U-MENT AT WEI-MAR. these sad days there were great men in Ger-man-y who wrote books that are for all time. The great

Goe-the had his own small court at Wei-mar of men who strove to show their love for him. He was king in this court and wrote his books, with, it would seem, no care for the woes or wars of his land. Schil-ler, too, wrote his verse and was one of the friends of the great man. They wrote plays and had men to act them, and found their joys in a calm way, while all the land shook with the war.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT FRANCE WON.

NA-PO-LE-ON had made France great, and was now known as Em-per-or of the French. Franz strove to keep friends with him, but found that he could not do so. Na-po-le-on had made small re-pub-lics of all the north of It-a-ly, and they were parts of France. Then he went on to seize Han-o-ver, which En-gland held as her own through George III. Franz strove to get troops to go to war, but Na-po-le-on gave Prus-sia a bribe in the shape of a share of Han-o-ver. The French beat Franz in Ba-va-ri-a, and his troops were cut off from Vi-en-na and shut up in Ulm. There they soon had to yield, and Franz lost 30,000 men.

By this time the Czar of Russia came to the help of Austria. Franz went out to meet him and left Vienna with no force, so that it fell in the hands of the French, and Napoleon could lodge for the time in the grand old home of Maria Theresa, at Schonbrun. The Austrians and Russians came down on him in force, and there was a great fight at Austerlitz, Dec. 2, 1805. The French won, and Franz lost heart. He made peace with the French at Presburg, and gave up Venice to the new states in Italy, and his own Tyrol, where the men had shot so well for him, to Bavaria. Germany then made a sort of league of the Rhine, with Wurtemberg and Bavaria at the head. This broke up the old Germanic league, with the Kaiser at the head, so Franz II. gave up his crown on 6th of August, 1806. He was still King of Hungary and Bohemia, and Arch-duke of Austria. He kept the name of emperor, though he had no claim to it.

Prussia did not like this new league. Napoleon sought to bring down the pride of this state and force a war on it. So he said he would give back Hanover to England. Then the king made a call for troops. The whole land was full of joy, and the young men came in hosts to join in the cause. The Russian emperor said he would

aid them, and he and the queen went to the tomb of Fried-rich the Great to clasp hands on this. Then he went home and said he would send back aid. Prus-sia would have been wise to wait for this, but they were so full of fire for the fray that they went in to the war at once. Rus-sia had not come with help, but they fought with France in Sax-on-y, and lost the day. On the 14th of Oc-to-ber, 1806, there was a fierce fight at Je-na, where the Prus-sians fought in brave style, but they were slain in heaps. Poor Queen Lou-ise was not far off, and could hear the sound of the guns, but she had to drive off ere she knew if the king were safe or not. He was safe, but 20,000 men lay dead on the field. The king and queen fled and Na-po-le-on went on to Ber-lin. He took all the works of art and things of Fried-rich the Great and sent them off to Par-is. Au-gust III. of Sax-on-y made haste to join the new Ger-man-ic League, so Na-po-le-on did naught to him, but to all the rest of his foes he was harsh. He would not let the poor old Duke of Bruns-wick, who had a wound, die in peace, but said he must go to En-gland to die. The duke got as far as Al-to-na where death took him. His son in grief for him got up a band of men who wore black, with a skull and cross bones for their badge. They were known

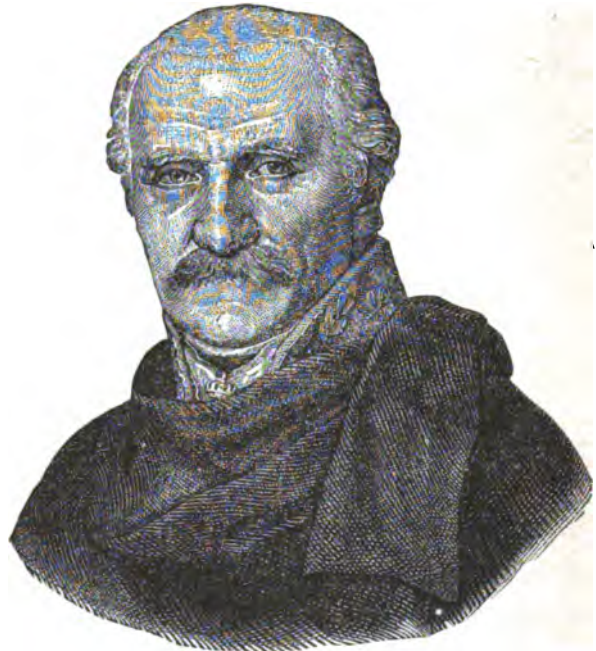
as the Black Brunswickers, and were sworn to fight the French at all times when they could get the chance. The French sought to push on through Prussia, but the Emperor of Russia came down with his troops and two hard fights were fought at Eylau and Friedland. Russia did not lose much, but she gave no more aid to Prussia. Napoleon made a peace at Tilsit, and sent word for the King of Prussia to hear what he would leave to him. The queen came too with the hope that she could get good terms, but Napoleon gave her naught but rude scorn. Once he did give her a rose, and she said: "I will take it with Magdeburg." He said in a rough way: "It is I who give—you who take." He took from Prussia all the lands on the Rhine and made a realm for Jerome Bonaparte. He left naught to the King of Prussia but Prussia, and he was bound not to keep more than 42,000 men in his troops. The queen was so full of grief and shame at the woe of the land that she did not live more than two years from that time. All the land went to work to train for a fight when they could throw off this yoke of France which was so hard to bear. The Emperor Franz took up arms once more in 1809, but this was worse than the last war for the Austrians. For he lost and had to fall back and had a great fight at Wagram, so near

to Vi-en-na that folks could watch the troops from the walls. Once more peace was made and Austria had to give up a large part of her lands in the South, and Ma-ri-a Lou-ise, child of the Em-per-or Franz, was made the wife of Na-po-le-on—he had one wife, Josephine, whom he had put from him.

Though Franz had let the Ty-rol go to Ba-va-ri-a its brave men still fought for him. There was one man, Ho-fer by name, who had kept an inn. This man led the troops in a most brave way and won a name that still lives in his land. They still sing how he fought and how when they took him and led him out to die, his last words were for his land. At this time Ger-man-y was down and the French rule was harsh and hard. Na-po-le-on put to death all who would dare to show their hate to this hard rule, and he made their young men serve him in his wars. But all the time they went on to train for that war that should make them free. All through the Ger-man states there was a band sworn to this. When Na-po-le-on came back from Mos-cow in 1812 with his troops in a sad state, the Prus-sians took heart and led the war. The Em-per-or of Rus-sia came next with his brave troops, and the King of Prus-sia met him with tears of joy. "Take heart, my friend," said the em-per-or, "these are the last tears that Na-po-le-on shall draw from you."

Gen-er-al Bluch-er led the Prus-sian troops at that time. His great cry was "For-wards," so he was known as Mar-shal For-wards. Na-po-le-on said he was like a bull that would rush on with his eyes shut. All Ger-man-y rose save Sax-on-y, which kept her faith with France. Aus-tri-a sent word that she would join the rest of Ger-man-y. Then there was a great fight at Leip-sic and the French lost. In time the troops were so strong that they could push in to France and Na-po-le-on could make no head when the men of five lands came to close in on him.

They did close in on Par-is in 1814, and the Em-per-ors of Rus-sia and Aus-tri-a and the King of Prus-sia all met there and made a camp for their troops in the bou-le-wards. They saw Lou-is XVIII.



BLUCH-ER.

put on the throne of the French, then they went on to En-gland, where Bluch-er was met with warmth by all. The folks went so far in their wild joy at the fate of Na-po-le-on that they took hairs out of the tail of the horse that Bluch-er rode to keep in



BLUCH-ER'S EN-TRY IN TO LEIP-SIC.

mind the day. Na-po-le-on was sent to El-ba, and the kings and em-per-ors met at Vi-en-na to try and fix the old bounds of the states once more. But in the midst of this a shock came. Na-po-le-on was free, the French troops had met him with joy.

King Lou-is XVIII. had fled. Once more the troops had to start on the march. Prus-sia was on hand to join the En-glish and there were some more fights. The grand one was Wa-ter-loo, which put



MET-TER-NICH.

an end to the war. Na-po-le-on was sent to a lone isle in the sea by the name of St. He-le-na and there death came and put an end to all his dreams of fame. His wife went home to Vi-en-na with his son. Then the kings and em-per-ors met once more

and made terms and rules for the time to come. There was peace for more than a score of years.

Prince Met-ter-nich, who had things as he chose, kept all down with a firm hand. Franz was a weak and dull man, but kind and fond of his own folk. But in It-a-ly there was great hate of the Aus-tri-ans. The troops that were in the It-al-i-an towns were harsh and rude, and so there were men who made a band sworn to throw off the Aus-tri-an yoke. These men had the name of car-bo-na-ri, but the time was not ripe for their plans. They were put down, and Franz kept the chief of them in a lone cell for years.

The death of Franz was in 1835, and his son, Fer-di-nand IV., was still more weak and dull. Met-ter-nich was still at the head of all. In Prus-sia the king was a good man who had the best heart for his folk, but not the strength of mind to rule well. In the long peace the land had grown in arts and all sorts of trade. In the north of Ger-man-y were the most of the great minds—those who thought and wrote the best. In the south were those who had the most taste in art. Lud-wig of Ba-va-ri-a was a great friend to art. He made Mun-ich a great place for those who could paint well, and he built grand rooms in which to hang their works. He had the works of those of old and new times. He kept all the old land-marks and when a time

worn house would lose a tower or aught he would have men build it once more in the old way. But he had more love for self than for art, and spent great sums. In his old age he fell in love with one Lo-la Montez, and was so led by her that his folk would not bear it. He had to give up the throne to his son, Max-i-mil-i-an.

Prince Met-ter-nich had the hope that things would hold all right till his death and he did not seem to care what came then. But there was a new rev-o-lu-tion in France. King Lou-is Phil-ippe had to fly, and free thought spread to Ger-man-y. The young men at the schools had all sorts of schemes for a free land with no king.

The folk rose in Ber-lin, and the king had to say that he would grant a change that would give them what they thought were their rights. All the States of Ger-man-y thought they would be more strong if they should be one, and have one head. They met at Frank-fort to make a plan. They chose Jo-han of Aus-tri-a to be at the head of this new realm that was to take them all in, but the plan did not work. Vi-en-na was all at strife. Hun-ga-ry rose and said she did not have her rights. The chief man in Hun-ga-ry, Kos-suth, said that the Mag-yars (that was the old name of the men of Hun-ga-ry) should be made free from

the Ger-man yoke. He held the chief town and the crown of St. Ste-phen, and when the Aus-tri-an troops were told to march on him, some of them would not go. Large crowds of the youth left their schools and took part with those who would not go to Hun-ga-ry, and then some men made a rush on the chief who had first made the move for troops to go in to Hun-ga-ry and slew him. The em-per-or, whose health was weak and whose hand was not strong to rule in such times, took it much to heart that the men whom he had thought friends could act in this way, and not come to his aid at his call. These men, who had all sorts of free schemes, staid in Vi-en-na and put things to rights for a siege. But the main part of the troops and the brave men from Ty-rol held to Fer-di-nand as their liege lord. For five days there was a fight and much blood shed, and then they gave up the town. Some of them fled, some were shot. Fer-di-nand felt that he had not the strength to rule in such times of storm, so he gave up his crown to Franz Jo-seph the 1st of De-cem-ber, 1848. The young em-per-or, Franz Jo-seph, had much on his hands, but in time all his Ger-man states came back to his rule.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WAR OF FRANCE AND PRUS-SIA.

IN It-a-ly the whole land was in strife. There they still had hate for the Aus-tri-ans, but Pope Pi-us the IX. did not wish to get in a fight with them. The Ro-mans were so wroth with him that they slew his chief friend, Count Ros-si. The pope at this fled in fear to Gaeta in the robes of a priest, and the Ro-mans set up a re-pub-lic. But they could not stand out long in the face of the Aus-tri-an troops. Ra-dets-ky won the day at No-var-ra, and Car-lo Al-ber-to gave up the crown to his son Vic-tor E-man-u-el, and did not live but five months from that time, such was his grief at the state of his land. Then Ra-dets-ky laid siege to Ven-ice, which held out in a brave way for four months, but it had to yield at last. The French then let the pope come back to Rome, and the rule was much the same as it had been. But the Aus-tri-ans did not trust the folks, and they in their turn gave them no love. In the mean time Hun-ga-ry had made up its mind once more to be free from the yoke of Aus-tri-a. They chose Kos-suth for their chief. Franz

Jo-seph could not crush them and he had to ask the Em-per-or of Rus-sia to help him. With his aid they fought the troops of Hun-ga-ry and won the day. The men who had led the Hun-ga-ri-ans fled to Tur-key. Kos-suth came to A-mer-i-ca, where he told of the strife of his land to be free. He spoke from his heart of their woes, and the hearts of all who heard him felt for Hun-ga-ry.

In 1866 Ven-ice rose to turn out the Aus-tri-ans and then came a war for their rights.

But Franz Jo-seph had one war on his hands at this time. Wil-helm I. was now King of Prus-sia, and his chief man was Bis-marck. This man, who had great strength of will, thought that war was a cure for all the ills in Ger-man-y. In the first war they took Schles-wig Hol-stein from the Danes. Next he had a plan for Prus-sia to have all the states of Ger-man-y at the north, and Aus-tri-a the south. This brought on a new war. Sax-on-y and three more states at the north took the side of Aus-tri-a and sent their troops to help. Count von Molt-ke took the head of the Prus-sian troops and went to siege Han-o-ver and Sax-on-y. George V. of Han-o-ver was blind, but he was with his troops on their way to join the Ba-va-ri-ans. He had to yield June, 1866. Then the Prus-sians took up their march in to Sax-on-y. They were in good

trim. Their men had the best arms to be found, and they had been taught all the arts of war from their youth. They had a kind of gun that bore



COUNT VON MOLTKE.

down all in its way, so in the end the Austrians had to fall back with a great loss of men. The Prussians went on to win all, till at last

a peace was made at Prague, by which the Austrians gave up all share of Germany. Prussia kept all. Though Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg and Baden still held their place as states and had kings of their own, they had to give a pledge to Prussia that they would help her in time of war, and they had to own her as their head. The growth of Prussia, which had been so great in a few years, was such as to make France feel some fear. At this time in Spain the folk had sent off their queen, and were in want of some one to rule them. They thought they would give the crown to Leopold, who was kin to the King of Prussia; but as soon as the French heard of this plan they were full of rage. To keep off a war, Leopold gave up at once all thoughts of the crown of Spain. But the French would not rest with this. They had a wish to try their strength with Prussia, and thought they might get back some of their old lands on the Rhine. So the French man who had charge of these things in Prussia met the king at Ems, and went up to him to say that he must give his word that at no time should Leopold take the crown of Spain. Wilhelm did not choose to say what he would do just at that time and in that place. The French made out that their great man had been met with scorn, and that there must be

war at once. All Ger-man-y felt that the real cause of the war was that France sought to get back the lands of the Rhine, so all took up arms with one heart and will. All through the land was sung the song of "The Watch on the Rhine," and the young men came in crowds with the love of their land warm in their hearts. The fight was first on the French line. Count von Molt-ke took the lead, though the king was at the head of the troops, and they put the French troops to rout at Worth and at Saar-bruck-en. All round Metz there was a hard fight, and it was all gain to the Ger-mans, till at last they shut in one great part of the French troops, with Ba-zaine at their head, and cut them off from the rest. Mar-shal Mc-Ma-hon made haste to come to their help, but the Ger-mans met him near Se-dan and there was a long and fierce fight. King Wil-helm won the day, and Na-po-le-on III. had to give up his troops and his own self to the foe.

Then the crown prince went on and laid siege to Par-is. The French said they would not give up one foot of ground; but the Ger-mans were bent on the gain of their old lands of Al-sace and Lor-raine, and so the war went on. The Ger-mans made a rule that no one who did not fight should be hurt, and those who were in the troops they

would treat as the rules of war said should be done,



NA-PO-LE-ON III. A PRIS-ON-ER.

Stras-burg first, and then Metz, and the troops

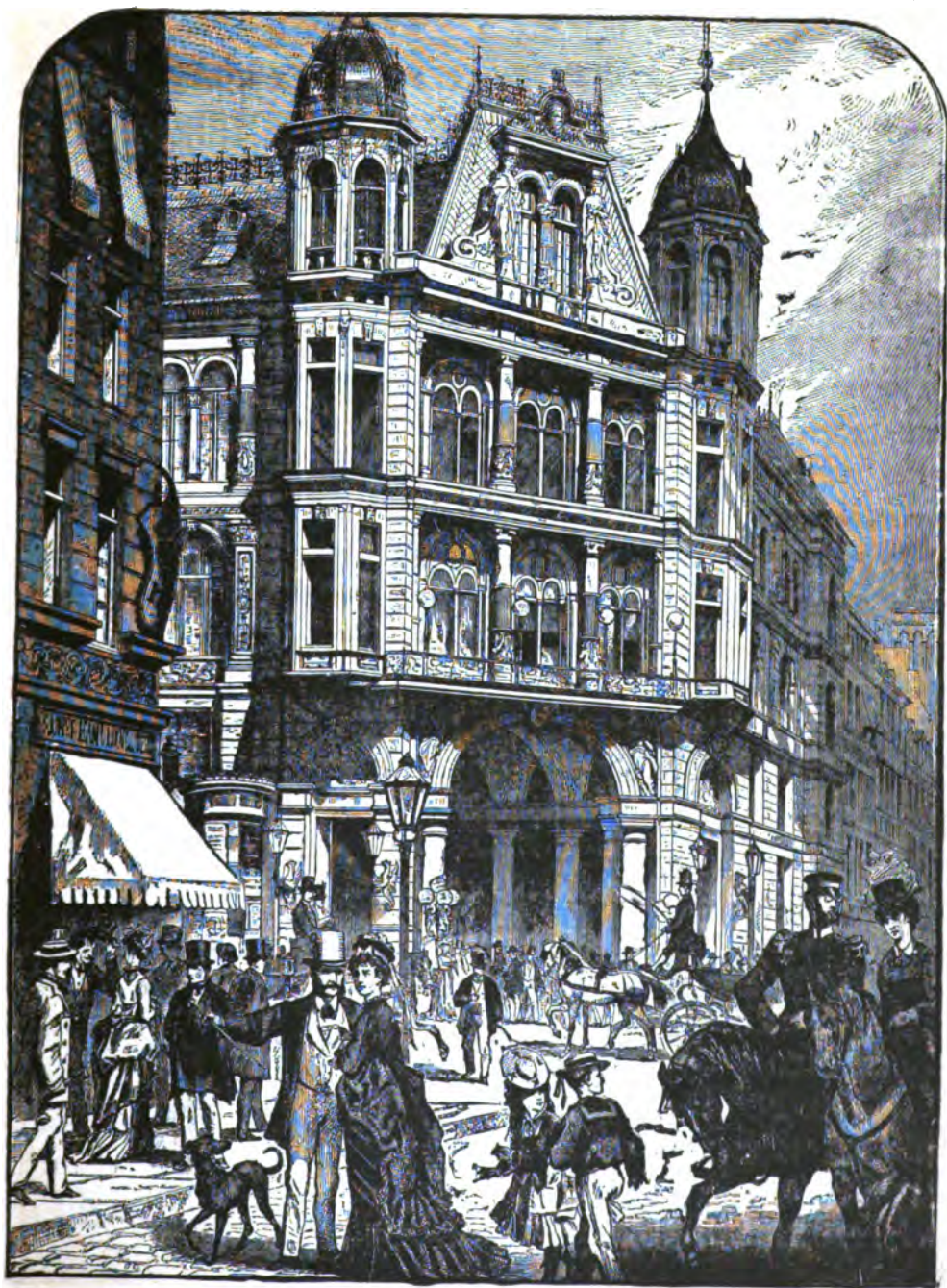
but if the folk of the land shot at them they would treat them as thieves and men who ought to meet with death. If the folk in a town rose on the Ger-mans, the town was burned and those who led the fight put to death. There was, of course, all the woes of war, but it was not so bad as the wars of old times.

The Ger-mans took



THE EM-PER-OR OF GER-MAN-Y.

the French sought to raise were swept to naught. All Ger-man-y was full of a wild joy. The Ger-mans of the south sought to be one with those of the north, and Lud-wig of Ba-va-ri-a told them they ought to choose the King of Prus-sia to be at their head. Wil-helm was near Par-is at the time, in the home of the old kings at Ver-sailles, when they came to give him the Crown of Ger-man-y. There in the grand hall he was made em-per-or. By this time Par-is had come to the end of her food and the folks were like to starve. There was naught left but to yield, and on the 1st of March, 1871, some of the Ger-man troops went in to the town. But they did not go in with all the troops in state and pomp, as they might have done, they did not send this pang to the hearts of their old foes. Peace was made, and France had to pay 5,000,000,000 francs for the cost of the war and give up Al-sace and Lor-raine. These States had been part of France so long that the folks in them did not like the change, and at Stras-burg, the French flag, the red, white and blue, for more than a year was still seen to wave on the grand old church, for no one felt it safe to climb up there and put the Ger-man in its stead. Ger-man-y has gone on since the war with all the arts of peace. There has been growth of all kinds. In 1877 they sought to



bring Aus-tri-a to hold with them a plan of trade, but they could not come to the same terms; still they are good friends.

The Kai-ser Wil-helm has more than once been shot at by men who had the craze for a free land and a hate of kings. The last time the em-per-or's wounds were such that some one had to take the rule of the land for a time. The first thing of the kind was in May, 1878. The em-per-or had just come home from a drive when a man by the name of Max Ho-del shot twice at him and thrice in to the crowd. There was great rage at this man, who was found to be one of those who seek to pull down thrones and to set up mob law. The next time the shots came from a house as the kai-ser went through the grand street of Ber-lin which has the name of "Un-ter den Lin-den." A man by the name of No-bil-ing was found, who shot at all who strove to take him as if he were in a craze, and then he sought to take his own life. He was made to own his crime, but would not state why he had done the deed. The em-per-or had more than one bad flesh wound from the shots which had found a lodge in his face, head, both arms and in the neck. Of the fate of these two men we will say but a word, Ho-del was put to death in the same year as his crime. No-bil-ing wrought his death by his own hand

In this same year Ger-man-y made good friends with the folk in the Sa-mo-an Isles, in the South Sea, which gave her new ports of trade. In 1880 and 1881 the land throve still more. Prince Bismarck felt his health fail and twice sought to give up his place, but the Kai-ser had need of him.

On the 10th of No-vem-ber, 1883, was kept the birth-day of Mar-tin Lu-ther, who was born on that day, 1483. Men went from all parts of the land, and the state and pomp of the day went to show that the name of Lu-ther still lives in the hearts of all.

On the 9th of March, 1888, the good Kai-ser, Wil-helm, died. Had he lived but two weeks more he would have been nine-ty one years old. The whole world mourned his death as that of a great and wise and just king, who had loved peace though he did not fear war, who had found his land small and weak, and had made it large and strong. While he was sick great crowds went each day to his door to learn how he was, and when told that there was no hope that he could live, turned back with tears in their eyes. Some stood there night and day till he died, in the hope that they might see him once more. On the day he was borne to his grave crowds still more vast, sad and grave lined the way to see him pass. Men from all lands far and near were there to show how high was the place he held in their

thoughts. The chief towns in all parts of the earth were draped in black, and their flags were hung at half mast to mark the loss felt by his death.

His son, who was sick in It-a-ly when Kai-ser Wil-helm died, came back at once to Ber-lin, that the land should not be without some one to rule it who had the right to do so. He was too ill to go with those who laid the late king to rest, but watched them from his house as they passed by, with the sad thought no doubt in his mind that in a short time he too would be borne to the grave. Too ill to leave the house, his throat too weak to let him use his voice, he could not take the oaths as kings in times past had done, but in place of that had to sign them. He had been named Fried-rich Wil-helm, but now that he was King of Prus-sia and Emp-e-ror of Ger-man-y he chose to drop the last name and to be called Fried-rich III.

CHAPTER XXIV.

KAI-SER WIL-HELM.

THE reign of Fred-er-ick III. of Ger-many was a short one. It lasted scarce three months and he was ill most of that time. He had the best doctors from his own land and a great one from Eng-land, but they could not save his life. The poor looked on him as their friend, and he loved peace, so there was great grief when he died. When his son, Wil-helm II., came to the throne, he said the ship of state should go on as of old. He meant to make the poor folk his chief care. He found Bis-marck at the head of things. He had been a prime friend of Wil-helm I. When Bis-marck had wished to give up his high post at one time, the Em-per-or had said, "Not while I live."

It was well known that the young Em-per-or, Wil-helm II., did not like Bis-marck. So Bis-marck did not say he felt too old or give any cause—but just gave up his place. He had been made Chan-cel-lor in 1862. Wil-helm I. was giving great care to his troops at that time—and long rail-roads were

built, so that large forces could be moved in a quick way, and Krupp guns had been bought for the whole ar-my. All this cost a large sum, and so the folk were taxed till they groan-ed and found fault



EM-PER-OR FRED-ER-ICK III.

with it. Now, it is the way in Ger-many that when the Em-per-or signs a Bill that is to go out as law—the Chan-cel-lor must sign it, too. Then, if the law is not liked by the folk, the Chan-cel-lor has all the blame. Wil-helm I. had spent so much on his troops and his roads and his arms, that his folk were poor and found fault with the taxes. It was hard for the Em-

per-or to find a man who would brave the folk and go on with all the work he wanted to do. So he picked out Bismarck, who did not mind what folk said, and ruled things with a high hand.

He dared all, and in the end Prus-sia was made more great and Aus-tria was joined to her. Then all the folk praised Bis-marck—and they did not mind the cost.

But the ink was scarce dry on the peace Bill when Aus-tria began to fear Prus-sia. Each felt that one must go to the wall, and looked around for new friends. It-a-ly only was on Prus-sia's side—while all the rest took sides with Aus-tria. But in two years the shell burst—Aus-tria feared It-a-ly more than she had Prus-sia, so she sent



PRINCE BIS-MARCK.

her best troops to It-a-ly and her worst to Prus-sia. Aus-tria lost the fight at Sa-do-wa. Gen. Moltke and the Krupp guns won the day. Bis-marck was made a Count, and the Prus-sians were so full of joy at the rout of Aus-tria that they could not do

too much for him. They saw the use of the great army and were glad to give more gold. North and South Ger-many were made one—and he got great fame.

In the war with France, too, Ger-many won, and this was said to be the work of Bis-marck—but Gen. Moltke had much to do with it. Bis-marck was then made a Prince. In Ger-many there is a large class who think that the folk of a land should have a voice in the rule of it. They are called So-cial-ists. Bis-marck tried to crush them out by force. He tried to keep Fred-er-ick from the throne, for he knew that he was not of the same mind, but had the good of all the folk at heart. But, sick as he was, in the short time he lived he did much for the good of his folk.

The new Em-per-or, Wil-helm II., saw that new times had come. New times needed new men. He knew that Bis-marck was not of the same mind, and so they parted. Wil-helm felt that the time for a change had come. At first he tried—or it looked as if he tried—to be a friend to the So-cial-ists. He wished to be known as the friend to work-men. He gave out that he would help them to gain their high aims, and they could find no more strong friend in all good works than

he would be. The So-cial-ists took what they could get—but did not quite trust the fair words—and he soon grew tired. He sent these words to one of the great So-cial-ists: “It is all nonsense. Who is not for me I will crush!” He now looks on these men as his foes. They are the thorn in his side. He has done all he could to get rid of them—but they spread and grow more strong, and are a great force in Ger-many. He would sweep them from the face of the earth—but he cannot. He wants to lay down the law, and his word is law. He believes in the rights of Kings, and that is his whole faith. The So-cial-ists hold that the folk have some rights, too. No one can say what the end may be.

In 1892 there were riots in Ber-lin. The crops



EM-PER-OR WIL-HELM II.

had failed and there was a rise in the price of bread. Poor men could find no work. They saw their wives and babes grow pale and wan for want of food. A great host of work-men—three or four thousand strong, wrought up to a great pitch by speeches on the hard times—marched to the gates of the palace with shouts and cries: “To the palace! The Kai-ser must see us! We need bread!” The police charged on them and at last put them to flight—but at night they came out once more. The Em-per-or rode out in the thick of it, with but one mounted man at his side and two of the police in front. This pleased the folk, as it looked brave, and they cheered him. Some of the men were hurt—and those who led the mob were seized and put in jail.

In 1895 Ger-many joined with Rus-sia, Eng-land, France, Aus-tria, and Italy to try and keep the Sul-tan in bounds. These six nations were called the Pow-ers. Tur-key had roused the world with its vile acts. Chris-tians in Ar-me-nia were killed in cold blood. First they took their arms from the men—and then they killed them. The streets ran with blood. In some places the women and babes were not spared. The Pow-ers sailed out with their war-ships and stood round while the Sul-tan kept on with his work of death. He tried to

make out that it was not his fault. Now and then he would say it should be stop-ped at once. Then a fresh batch of hor-rors would take place and shock the world. The Pow-ers did no more—save now and then to send a mild note to the Sul-tan to say that he must stop such work—or something would be done. So it went on till whole towns were laid waste—and the land was full of woe. Rus-sia, it was said, was to blame—for she had pledg-ed her word to Tur-key that no one should harm her. Rus-sia is a great land, with a vast army, and no one was so brave as to stand against her. In the end, the Sul-tan pledged his word that the Pow-ers should have something to say in the laws for Christians for three years. But no one puts much faith in his word.



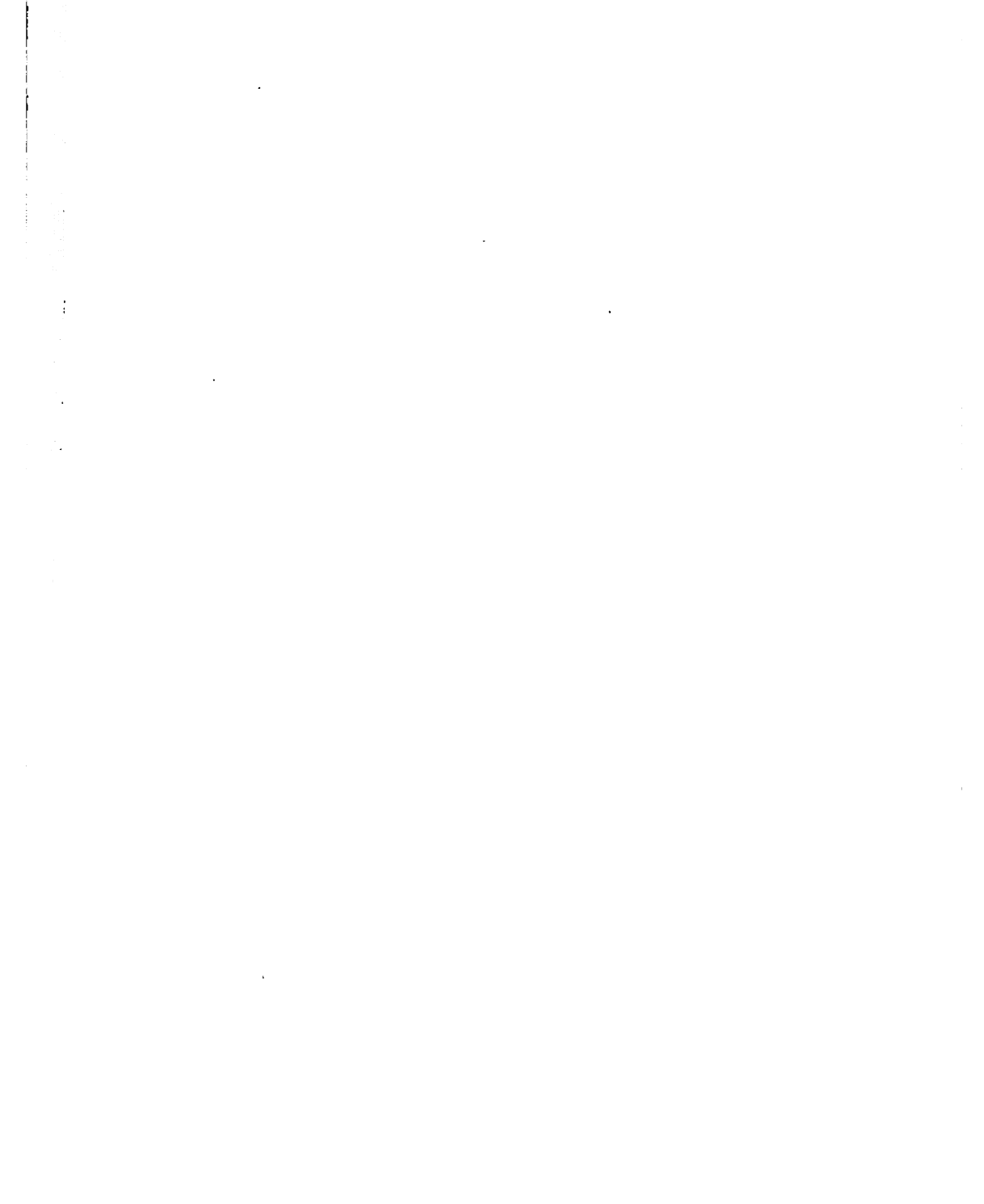
SUL-TAN OF TUR-KEY.

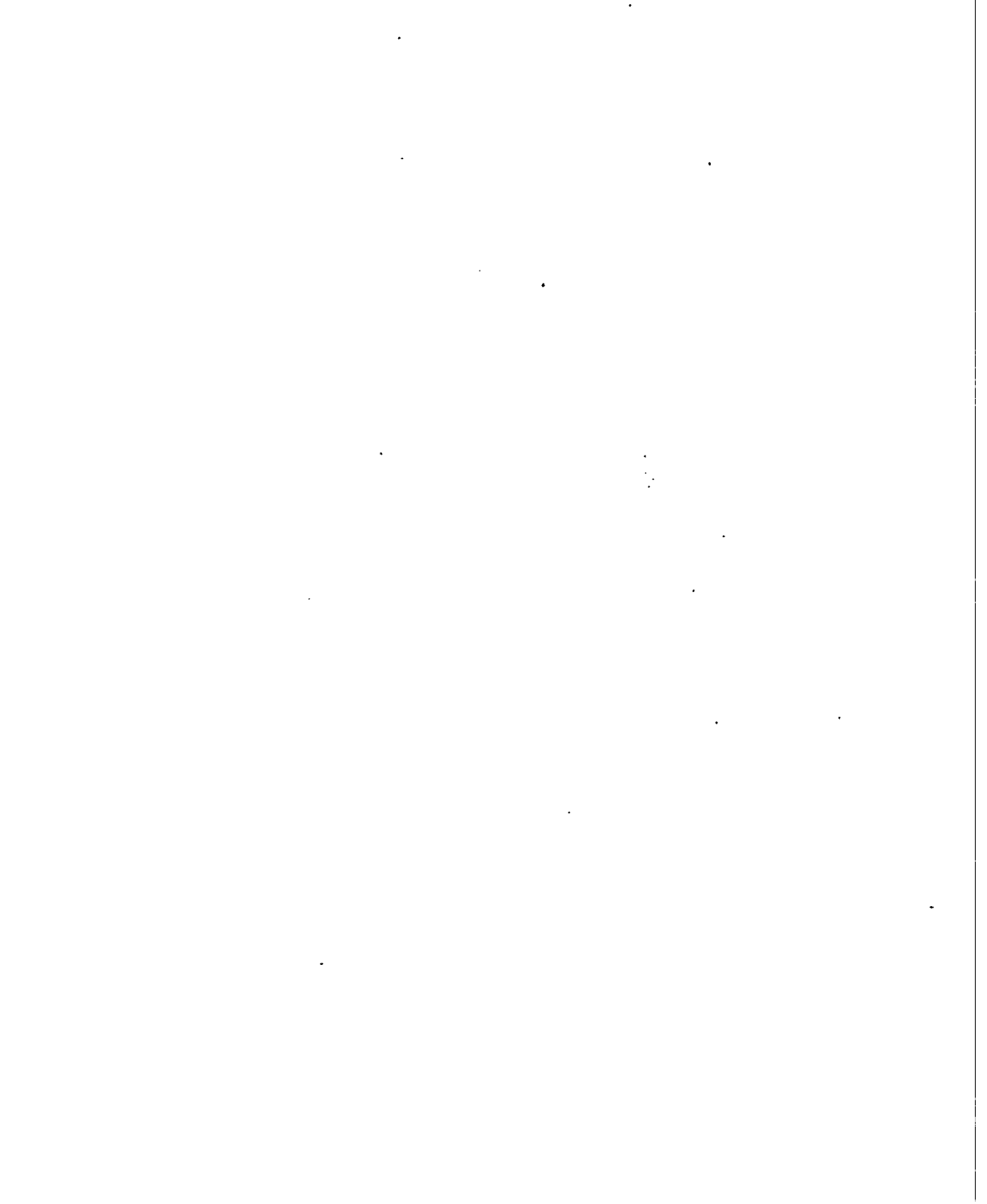
In 1896 there was a fine fair held in Ber-lin. Men from all the lands that Ger-many rules came and brought their goods and arms and all they had that was rich and rare to the great show. Ber-lin, as it had been two hundred years back, was shown with its quaint houses and narrow streets. Part of the town of Cai-ro was shown, as near as it could be made, with A-rabs at work at their trades. There were arms and rare things lent by the Khe-dive of E-gypt—and much more that we have not space to set down here.

THE END.

W.C.

K.S.





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